

# THE LIVING AGE.

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☞ We have been much gratified, in this dull period of our year, by an increase of Subscriptions, and by an unusual demand for back Numbers and Volumes, and by the receipt of very many Numbers sent for binding. Nobody can duly appreciate *The Living Age* without having the work bound, so that he can easily refer to it. ☞ Sets of the Complete Work, or of the Second Series, or of the Third Series, would be good presents at Christmas and New Year.

## NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Williams sends us Part 38 of "The Rebellion Record: a Diary of American Events," Edited by Frank Moore—and published in New York by G. P. Putnam, through the agency of Charles T. Evans. This part contains portraits of Admiral D. G. Farragut and Major-General H. G. Berry. We are glad to make the Admiral's personal acquaintance.

Mr. Loring sends "Heine's Book of Songs," translated by Charles G. Leland; "Heinrich Heine," by Matthew Arnold; and "Human Follies," by Jules Noriac; translated from the 16th Paris edition, by George Marlow. These three books are published by Frederic Leipoldt, Philadelphia.

## TO READERS OF THE LIVING AGE.

In making remittance, please send UNITED STATES NOTES. Having the opportunity of establishing a sound and uniform Currency, let no man delay to make use of it; and to do what he can to make it the only paper money.

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## NOVEMBER.

BRIEF are the days, the lengthening nights grow chill,

And autumn's red and yellow-purple tints  
Proclaim the summer gone; the harvest moon  
Long since hath paled her beauty; early frosts  
Trace their bright silver network on the bough  
In white fantastic rime. Autumn and Earth  
Are shaking hands, awaiting Winter's sign  
To sound the tocsin of the dying year.

The laurestinus bush grows thick apace  
With pink-white clustering blossoms; the brown wren

Flits through the dark leaves of the laurel walk  
With quick, uneasy "chirp," for well she knows  
The Ice-King is at hand, with all his train  
Of frost and hail and snow, when for dear life  
The feathered tribe must work, content to find  
The means of bare existence; well, if saved  
From famine's grasp to see the coming spring.

The surging ocean heaves in troubled dreams  
Of speedy-coming storms; the sea-gulls mark  
With dots of white the dull gray leaden sky;  
And lost in mist, beneath the horizon line,  
Setteth the blood-red sun; whilst Nature's voice  
Is grandly hushed in that preventing calm  
That tells a rising storm; the north wind sobs  
With concentrated fury, holding back  
The passion of his wrath till darkness throw  
Her veil across the waves, and he may ride  
Upon the tempest undisputed King.

Gone are the swallows; and the squirrel sleeps  
Within the beach-tree bole; the pine hath shed  
Her ripe cones for the blackcock; the first frost  
Hath laid his iron hand upon our flowers—  
Chrysanthemums and dahlias, whose bright hues—

Scarlet and gold and purple barred with white—  
November's touch hath deadened: foretaste sure  
Of the chill nights that mark the waning year.

The shepherd boy, returning to the farm  
To fold his woolly charge, claps sharp his hands  
To warm the lazy blood, and hastening on  
Draws with a shiver his thick coat of frieze  
Up to his bare brown throat; the social kine  
Crowd in close groups beside the farmyard wall,  
Knee deep in fresh clean straw; "Bold Chanticleer"

Calls his zenana to the sheltered side  
Of the new, fragrant hayricks: and within,  
The farmhouse shows a bustling, active scene,  
Telling of thrift and plenty: whilst the dame  
Piles up her apple and her onion crops  
Within her roomy chambers, fills her rack  
With wholesome home-cured bacon, the "good man"

Brews store of "old October," sparkling bright  
With the rich-bitter hop: the whole blythe scene  
Substantial comfort speaks, and all is set  
In jovial order for the Christmas-tide.

So ever move the changing seasons on,  
Each good in turn. For each a bounteous God  
Marks its appointed office: seed-time brings  
The fuller joys of harvest; winter's reign  
Prepares the earth by rest for future growth,  
And future wealth of increase. Rest we then  
A while from all our labors, blessing him  
Who "saw" that all "was good," content to take

That which he sends; and with a thankful faith  
Render we gratitude for present joys,  
And, humbly trusting, leave to God the rest.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

## MAY-SONG.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

THERE's a time for all good lasses,  
Sigh not, Jennie—wherefore sigh?  
Ever as the May moon passes  
Lovers drop down from the sky;

Cushat, mavis, lark, and linnet,  
Each is singling out its pair;  
Marriages with every minute;  
Hark! their joy-peals in the air!

Ope thy heart unto the summer:  
Love comes suddenly as Fate!  
Who is yonder fair new-comer  
Gliding to thy garden-gate?

Birdlike, seeks he one to sing to  
Coily hid in leaves—like thee?  
Couldst thou single him to cling to?—  
Coily peep through leaves, and see.

As the bird sings he is singing,  
"May is in the air above;  
And through blossoms round me springing  
Winds the pathway to my love.

"Still thy beating, heart impassioned,  
Learn in silence to repine;  
Her soft beauty was not fashioned  
For a dwelling rude as mine.

"Wherefore, wild-bird, art thou bearing  
Twig and moss to yonder tree?"  
"For the home that I am rearing  
High from earth, as love's should be.

"If thus rudely I begin it,  
Love itself completes the nest;  
And the downy softness in it  
Comes, O Lover, from the breast."

All the while, the buds are springing;  
May is round thee and above;  
As the bird sings he is singing—  
As the bird loves canst thou love?

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

From The Saturday Review.

## THE MILLENNIUM AT HAND.

THIS time there will be no mistake about it. The calculations which fix the beginning of the Millennium for the year 1870 may be relied upon. The conclusion which has been arrived at by many sober-minded writers is not likely to be without foundation. Ever since the French Revolution, eminent expositors of prophecy have asserted that revolutions much more tremendous would happen during the present decade; and have not these predictions been already partially fulfilled? The expectations entertained of the cessation of war, and of an epoch of unclouded peace and earthly prosperity, are now shown to have been delusive. The President of the United States informed Congress in 1844 that the peace of "that enlightened and important quarter of the globe" (Europe) appeared more firmly established than it had ever been before. The Queen of England and the King of the French expressed equal confidence that general tranquillity would be maintained. Let these fallacious anticipations be contrasted with the far-sighted views expressed by expositors of prophecy. The Rev. E. B. Elliott demonstrated that the period from 1865 to 1869 would be the time of the Second Advent, and that there was to be expected before it a period of sifting and trial such as had never been experienced before. The laborious students of Scripture believed that desolating judgments were about to descend upon the world. Scoffers relied upon the text, "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man;" but it was announced by the faithful that the concealment of the day and the hour did not necessarily prevent the discovery of the month, or even the week, of the Second Advent. It is declared in Scripture that this Second Advent is to be preceded by the manifestation of Antichrist or the Man of Sin. Many Antichrists have already arisen, such as the pope and Mahomet, but there is a particular and individual Antichrist yet to arise, who will be worshipped in the Temple at Jerusalem.

The foregoing is a free summary of the introductory part of a remarkable American book, called *Louis Napoleon, the Destined Monarch of the World*, the object of which is to propound the theory that the personal Antichrist is none other than the present Emperor of the French. The cover of the book is

adorned with a most captivating picture of a seven-headed and ten-horned beast which

"Doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus—"

having one foot on Europe and another on America. Six of the beast's heads are of a wolfish type; but the seventh has hair and moustaches, and those "pale, corpse-like, imperturbable features" which we all know. The contents of the volume are sufficiently mysterious and terrible to fulfil the promise of its outside. It announces that Louis Napoleon will very soon acquire supreme ascendancy over the whole of Christendom, "and for three and a half years will ruthlessly slay nearly every one who will not acknowledge him to be God." The whole of this tremendous drama is to be completed by the year 1870, when its hero is to perish at the battle of Armageddon; and therefore it may be expected that the performance will very soon begin. It may seem odd that an American clergyman, who has opportunities enough for hearing of and even seeing actual battles and other horrors in his own country, should prefer to occupy his thoughts with the tribulation which prophecy, according to his interpretation, declares to be coming upon Europe. "Christendom will become a slaughter-house or shambles, in which tens of thousands of Christ's sheep will be butchered, and scarcely any one will escape the awful ordeal of being put to the test, whether they will confess Christ and be killed, perhaps with dreadful tortures, or whether they will acknowledge Napoleon to be God, and thus purchase temporary safety at the cost of eternal damnation." Those who acknowledge the divinity of Napoleon will be branded in the forehead or hand with his name or number. This persecution will be the leading feature of the Great Tribulation of three and a half years, but there will be superadded wars, earthquakes, pestilence, and famines. The proofs that Louis Napoleon is the personal Antichrist arrange themselves under ten heads:—

1. He is the Beast's seventh revived or eighth head, spoken of in the Book of Revelations. The seventh head is the Napoleon dynasty, which was wounded by the sword at Waterloo, and revived in 1852. Into the argument in support of this exposition of Scripture this is hardly the place to enter.

2. He corresponds with the predicted character of the personal Antichrist in respect of his warlike prowess, his insatiable ambition, and his vast military power. "When we consider the unrivalled boldness, matchless skill, and unscrupulous determination with which he has carved his way to his present commanding position, and moreover the tact, astuteness, and subtle policy with which he maintains and strengthens that position," we cannot fail to recognize the appropriateness of the question in Rev. 13: 4, "Who is like unto the Beast? who is able to make war with him?" The great increase in the numbers and effectiveness of the French army since his accession is well known. Although he says that the Empire is Peace, neighboring nations are alarmed at the preparation which he makes for war. His troops are unapproachably formidable, not only by their masterly skill in the management of their weapons, but by the inconceivably deadly nature of their engines of destruction. He has a fleet of war-steamers not inferior to that of Great Britain. The surprising skill in generalship which he displayed on the plains of Lombardy has demonstrated his military talent to be of the highest order. The expedient adopted in that campaign of reconnoitring from a balloon showed a mind fertile in resources. His courage at the battle of Solferino amounted to the verge of rashness, electrifying the soldiers by the coolness he displayed while engaged in the thick of the contest, and merely walking his horse in the midst of a shower of balls.

3. He has obtained actual possession of the city of Rome. This will be one of his principal cities during his three-and-a-half-years' reign as Antichrist, although Jerusalem will be his ecclesiastical metropolis, and in its temple divine worship will be offered to him, and to his image, which is the abomination of desolation.

4. He apparently protects and supports the pope, but yet suffers him to be plundered and gradually stripped of his temporal power.

5. The whole extent of the original Roman Empire is becoming subordinated to his control, and is evidently approaching its final division into ten kingdoms, which are to give their power and strength to the Eighth Head during the closing three and a half years. The expositor deduces from several passages of Scripture that "Napoleon's ten vassal-kings will not be elected and crowned over

the ten horn-kingdoms of the Roman earth until just before the final three and a half years (from 1866 to 1870); and, therefore, the now existing sovereigns within the Roman Empire will have been displaced or deposed by that time." It is not often that prophecy assumes such a definite form as this. "It is nearly certain that the ten horn-kingdoms will be Great Britain, France, Spain, etc." Over each of these countries will be a king or viceroy, while Napoleon will be king over the ten kings. It would be difficult for an English expositor of prophecy to commit himself to the prediction that in rather more than three years this country will be governed by a French viceroy; but a Philadelphian divine cannot be expected to understand that, before Napoleon's representative took possession of England, the question, "Who is able to make war with him?" would be very likely to receive an answer. The expositor does, indeed, admit that the power of Great Britain offers the principal impediment to Napoleon's attainment of uncontrolled dominion over the Roman world; "but prophecy most clearly shows that England is soon to give its power and strength to him." If, indeed, prophecy does show this, it is so much the worse for prophecy, for it will certainly turn out to be mistaken. The expositor, however, has "not the slightest doubt" that England will be comprehended among Napoleon's ten vassal kingdoms. Either by internal revolution, or diplomacy, or foreign invasion, or all three influences combined, the sovereign of England will be induced to become the vassal of Napoleon; and tens of thousands of persons in Great Britain will be slain for refusing to worship Napoleon's image during the three and a half years of persecution. There was a time, more distant through change of feeling than lapse of years, when London lord mayors and aldermen and other Britons took to the worship of Napoleon very kindly; but it is not to be supposed that they would do the same upon compulsion. The image of the emperor has been set up in many a British household without suspicion that it was the "abomination of desolation" of which Scripture speaks. The expositor informs us that "England's naval superiority, which prevented Napoleon I. successfully invading her, now no longer exists." Her wooden walls have, it seems, been rendered useless by the invention of iron-clad men-of-war. But a



prophetic journal, quoted in a note, puts the subjugation of England in a more feasible way than the expositor himself has done. According to this plan for the future of Europe, all the ten kingdoms will become democratic, and will elect kings by universal suffrage. A French pamphleteer, who seems to have been an unconscious prophet, desired the English upper classes to reflect on what support they would obtain from the English people when a French general should present himself with universal suffrage in one hand and the Code Napoleon in the other. The English workman, amid all his misery, is supposed to keep his eyes fixed on Cherbourg, and to watch for the approach of the fleet of deliverance, and for the advent of the champion of universal suffrage and people's rights. It is thus that England will fulfil prophecy, by spontaneously yielding her power and strength to Napoleon.

6. The French Emperor fulfils the prophecy that the name of the Eighth Head or Antichrist should be in the Greek tongue Apollyon, and should numerically be equal to the number 666. Every sensible person can, of course, see that *Napoleon* and *Apollyon* are substantially the same words.

7. His Grecian extraction, his sphinxlike impenetrability of countenance, his addiction to the practice of Spiritualism, and his deceptive professions of a pacific policy, identify him with the description given of the personal Antichrist by the Prophet Daniel. The identification, perhaps is not completely satisfactory. The statement that Louis Napoleon derives his origin from a Grecian family of high rank has more novelty than the descriptions of his character and appearance which are quoted to prove that he is the "king of fierce countenance, and understanding dark sentences," of whom the Prophet speaks. There is, however, some power of invention shown in the comparison of Louis Napoleon to the typical enemy of mankind, the serpent. "He lay for years, coiled together in a lethargy, until, aroused by the occasion, he displayed his fangs, uncoiled his folds, and shot forth his icy frame just far enough to seize his prey, but no further." The expositor states that the emperor deals in Spiritualism, and often communicates with his deceased uncle.

It is necessary to treat more briefly the remaining heads of proof. The Prophet Daniel

speaks of a "vile person," and Louis Napoleon was originally a vile—that is, an ignoble, obscure—person. The same prophet speaks of having "power over the treasures of gold and of silver," and Louis Napoleon is working a mine at Senegal, in Africa, which produces more gold than Australia and California put together. Further, it is whispered that he possesses the monopoly of a scientific discovery by means of which gold is manufactured secretly at Paris. The expositor intimates his opinion that neither the Finance Minister nor the Bank of France would have got through recent difficulties as they have done if they had not been able to command these illimitable supplies of gold. If the expositor understood business as well as he does prophecy, he would probably consider that the Finance Minister and the Bank of France have made an unskilful use of their extraordinary advantages. The result of these accumulated proofs is that, "whereas Napoleon Bonaparte slew his thousands, Louis Napoleon will slay his hundreds of thousands." His military taste is likely to be gratified by the command of the greatest army ever raised. This army he will conduct to Palestine, and it will perish along with him at Armageddon, unless, indeed, he should put the prophets in a difficulty by declining to go near that famous battle-field.

The space which has been devoted to this extraordinary book has only sufficed for the exhibition of a very few specimens of the wonderful mass of absurdities which it contains. The author quotes largely from other expositors of Scripture, who appear less extravagant than he does chiefly perhaps because they have not ventured on predicting events equally close at hand. But this writer gravely tells us that probably in the year 1870 the battle of Armageddon will take place, and, Antichrist (that is Louis Napoleon) and his followers being slain, the Millennium will be fully inaugurated. It would be interesting to know whether Louis Napoleon is himself satisfied with the brilliant but brief career which is thus disclosed to him. An American is reported to have said that, if he knew that it was predestinated that he should be drowned in a particular lake, nobody would ever catch him going within a mile of it. Since Armageddon appears to be such a dangerous place, it can scarcely be a compliment to the French Emperor to play the air "*Partant pour la Syrie*" when he appears in public. To do so would indeed almost amount to a hint that a loyal and devoted people had had enough of him.

## PART VI.—CHAPTER XVIII.

VERY little came, as was natural, of the talk in the library, to which the entire afternoon was devoted. The squire, in his way, was as great an interruption to the arguments of the curate as was poor Louisa in hers; and Gerald sat patiently to listen to his father's indignant monologue, broken as it was by Frank's more serious attacks. He was prepared for all they could say to him, and listened to it, sometimes with a kind of wondering smile, knowing well how much more strongly, backed by all his prejudices and interests, he had put the same arguments to himself. All this time nobody discussed the practicability of the matter much, nor what steps he meant to take: what immediately occupied both his father and brother was his determination itself, and the reasons which had led him to it, which the squire, like Louisa, could not understand.

"If I had made myself disagreeable," said Mr. Wentworth—"if I had remonstrated with him, as Leonora urged me to do; if I had put a stop to the surplice and so forth, and interfered with his decorations or his saints' days, or anything, it might have been comprehensible. But I never said a syllable on the subject. I give you my word, I never did. Why couldn't he have sent down for Louisa now, and dined at the Hall, as usual, when any of my sons come home? I suppose a man may change his religion, sir, without getting rid of his natural affections," said the squire, gazing out with puzzled looks to watch Gerald going slowly down the avenue. "A man who talks of leaving his wife, and declines to dine at his father's house with his brothers and sisters, is a mystery I can't understand."

"I don't suppose he cares for a lively party like ours at this moment," said the curate: "I don't take it as any sign of a want of affection for me."

The squire puffed forth a large sigh of trouble and vexation as he came from the window. "If I were to give in to trouble when it appears, what would become of our lively party, I wonder?" he said. "I'm getting an old man, Frank; but there's not a young man in Christendom has more need to take care of himself, and preserve his health, than I have. I am very well, thank God, though I have had a touch of our Wentworth complaint—just one touch. My father had

it ten years earlier in life, and lived to eighty, all the same; but that is an age I shall never see. Such worries as I have would kill any man. I've not spoken to anybody about it," said the squire, hastily, "but Jack is going a terrible pace just now. I've had a good deal of bother about bills and things. He gets worse every year; and what would become of the girls and the little children if the estate were to come into Jack's hands, is a thought I don't like to dwell upon, Frank. I suppose he never writes to you?"

"Not for years past," said the curate—"not since I was at Oxford. Where is he now?"

"Somewhere about town, I suppose," said the aggrieved father, "or wherever the greatest scamps collect when they go out of town—that's where he is. I could show you a little document or two, Frank—but no," said the squire, shutting up a drawer which he had unlocked and partly opened, "I won't: you've enough on your mind with Gerald, and I told you I should be glad of your advice about Cuthbert and Guy."

Upon which the father and son plunged into family affairs. Cuthbert and Guy were the youngest of the squire's middle family—a "lot" which included Frank and Charley and the three sisters, one of whom was married. The domestic relations of the Wentworths were complicated in this generation. Jack and Gerald were of the first marriage, a period in his history which Mr. Wentworth himself had partly forgotten; and the troop of children at present in the Hall nursery were quite beyond the powers of any grown-up brother to recognize or identify. It was vaguely understood that "the girls" knew all the small fry by head and name, but even the squire himself was apt to get puzzled. With such a household, and with an heir impending over his head like Jack, it may be supposed that Mr. Wentworth's anxiety to get his younger boys disposed of was great. Cuthbert and Guy were arrows in the hand of the giant, but he had his quiver so full that the best thing he could do was to draw his bow and shoot them away into as distant and as fresh a sphere as possible. They were sworn companions and allies, but they were not clever, Mr. Wentworth believed, and he was very glad to consult over New Zealand and Australia, and which was best, with their brother Frank.

"They are good boys," said their father, "but they have not any brains to speak of—not like Gerald and you,—though, after all, I begin to be doubtful what's the good of brains," added the squire, disconsolately, "if this is all that comes of them. After building so much on Gerald for years, and feeling that one might live to see him a bishop—but, however, there's still *you* left; you're all right, Frank?"

"Oh, yes, I am all right," said the curate, with a sigh; "but neither Gerald nor I are the stuff that bishops are made of," he added, laughing. "I hope you don't dream of any such honor for me."

But the squire was too much troubled in his mind for laughter. "Jack was always clever, too," he said, dolefully, "and little good has come of that. I hope he won't disgrace the family any more than he has done, in my time, Frank. You young fellows have all your life before you; but when a man comes to my age, and expects a little comfort, it's hard to be dragged into the mire after his children. I did my duty by Jack too—I can say that for myself. He had the same training as Gerald had—the same tutor at the University—everything just the same. How do you account for that, sir, you that are a philosopher?" said Mr. Wentworth again, with a touch of irritation. "Own brothers both by father and mother; brought up in the same house, same school and college, and everything; and all the time as different from each other as light and darkness. How do you account for that? Though to be sure, here's Gerald taken to bad ways too. It must have been some weakness by their mother's side. Poor girl; she died too young to show it herself; but it's come out in her children," said the vexed squire. "Though it's a poor sort of thing to blame them that are gone," he added, with penitence; and he got up and paced uneasily about the room. Who was there else to blame? Not himself, for he had done his duty by his boys. Mr. Wentworth never was disturbed in mind, without, as his family were well aware, becoming excited in temper too; and the unexpected nature of the new trouble had somehow added a keener touch of exasperation to his perennial dissatisfaction with his heir. "If Jack had been the man he ought to have been, his advice might have done some good—for a clergyman naturally sees things in a

different light from a man of the world," said the troubled father; and Frank perceived that he, too, shared in his father's displeasure, because he was not Jack, nor a man of the world; notwithstanding that, being Frank and a clergyman, he was acknowledged by public opinion to be the squire's favorite in the family. Things continued in this uncomfortable state up to the dinner-hour, so that the curate, even had his own feelings permitted it, had but little comfort in his home visit. At dinner Mr. Wentworth did not eat, and awoke the anxiety of his wife, who drove the old gentleman into a state of desperation by inquiries after his health.

"Indeed, I wish you would remonstrate with your papa, Frank," said his step-mother, who was not a great deal older than the curate. "After his attack he ought to be more careful. But he never takes the least trouble about himself, no more than if he were five-and-twenty. After getting such a knock on the forehead too; and you see he eats nothing. I shall be miserable if the doctor is not sent for to-night."

"Stuff!" cried the squire, testily. "Perhaps you will speak to the cook about these messes she insists on sending up to disgust one, and leave me to take care of my own health. Don't touch that dish, Frank; it's poison. I am glad Gerald is not here; he'd think we never had a dinner without that confounded mixture. And then the wonder is that one can't eat!" said Mr. Wentworth, in a tone which spread consternation round the table. Mrs. Wentworth secretly put her handkerchief to her eyes behind the great cover, which had not yet been removed: and one of the girls dashed in violently to the rescue, of course making everything worse.

"Why did not Gerald and Louisa come to dinner?" cried the ignorant sister. "Surely, when they knew Frank had come, they would have liked to be here. How very odd it was of you not to ask them, papa! they always do come when anybody has arrived. Why aren't they here to-night?"

"Because they don't choose to come," said the squire, abruptly. "If Gerald has reasons for staying away from his father's house, what is that to you? Butterflies," said Mr. Wentworth, looking at them in their pretty dresses, as they sat regarding him with dismay, "that don't understand any reason for doing anything except liking it or

not liking it. I dare say by thistime your sister knows better."

"My sister is married, papa, said Letty, with her saucy look.

"I advise you to get married too, and learn what life is like," said the savage squire; and conversation visibly flagged after this effort. When the ladies got safely into the drawing-room, they gathered into a corner to consult over it. They were all naturally anxious about him after his "attack."

"Don't you remember he was just like this before it came on?" said Mrs. Wentworth, nervously; "so cross, and finding fault with the made dishes. Don't you think I might send over a message to Dr. Small—not to come on purpose, you know, but just as if it were a call in passing?"

But the girls both agreed this would make matters worse.

"It must be something about Jack," they both said in a breath, in a kind of awe of the elder brother, of whom they had a very imperfect knowledge. "And it seems we never are to have a chance of a word with Frank!" cried Letty, who was indignant and exasperated. But at least it was a consolation that "the boys" were no better off. All next day Cuthbert and Guy hung about in the vain hope of securing the company and attention of the visitor. He was at the Rectory the whole morning, sometimes with Gerald, sometimes with Louisa, as the scouts of the family, consisting of a variety of brothers, little and big, informed the anxious girls. And Louisa was seen to cry on one of these occasions; and Gerald looked cross, said one little spy, whereupon he had his ears boxed, and was dismissed from the service. "As if Gerald ever looked anything but a saint!" said the younger sister, who was an advanced Anglican. Letty, however, holding other views, confuted this opinion strongly: "When one thinks of a saint, it is Aunt Leonora one thinks of," said this profane young woman. "I'll tell you what Gerald looks like—something just half-way between a conqueror and a martyr. I think of all the men I ever saw, he is my hero," said Letty, meditatively. The youngest Miss Wentworth was not exactly of this latter opinion, but she did not contradict her sister. They were kept in a state of watchfulness all day, but Frank's mission remained a mystery which they could not penetrate; and in the even-

ing Gerald alone made his appearance at the Hall to dinner, explaining that Louisa had a headache. Now Louisa's headaches were not unfrequent, but they were known to improve in the prospect of going out to dinner. On the whole, the matter was wrapt in obscurity, and the Wentworth household could not explain it. The sisters sat up brushing their hair, and looking very pretty in their dressing-gowns, with their bright locks (for the Wentworth hair was golden brown of a Titian hue) over their shoulders, discussing the matter till it was long past midnight; but they could make nothing of it, and the only conclusion that they came to was that their two clergyman brothers were occupied in negotiating with the squire about some secret not known to the rest of the family, but most probably concerning Jack. Jack was almost unknown to his sisters, and awoke no very warm anxiety in their minds; so they went to sleep at last in tolerable quiet, concluding that whatever mystery there was concerned only the first-born and least-loved of the house.

While the girls pursued these innocent deliberations, and reasoned themselves into conviction, the squire, too, sat late,—much later than usual. He had gone with Frank to the library, and sat there in a half-stupefied quietness, which the curate could not see without alarm, and from which he roused himself up now and then to wander off into talk, which always began with Gerald, and always came back to his own anxieties and his disappointed hopes in his eldest son. "If Jack had been the man he ought to have been, I'd have telegraphed for him, and he'd have managed it all," said the squire, and then relapsed once more into silence. "For neither you nor I are men of the world, Frank," he would resume again, after a pause of half an hour, revealing pitifully how his mind labored under the weight of this absorbing thought. The curate sat up with him in the dimly lighted library, feeling the silence and the darkness to his heart. He could not assist his father in those dim ranges of painful meditation. Grieved as he was, he could not venture to compare his own distress with the bitterness of the squire, disappointed in all his hopes and in the pride of his heart; and then the young man saw compensations and heroisms in Gerald's case which were invisible to the unheroic eyes of Mr. Wentworth,



who looked at it entirely from a practical point of view, and regarded with keen mortification an event which would lay all the affairs of the Wentworths open to general discussion, and invite the eye of the world to a renewed examination of his domestic skeletons. Everything had been hushed and shut up in the Hall for at least an hour, when the squire got up at last and lighted his candle, and held out his hand to his son.—“This isn’t a very cheerful visit for you, Frank,” he said; “but we will try again to-morrow, and have one other talk with Gerald. Couldn’t you read up some books on the subject, or think of something new to say to him? God bless my soul! if I were as young and as much accustomed to talking as you are, I’d surely find out some argument,” said the squire, with a momentary spark of temper, which made his son feel more comfortable about him. “It’s your business to convince a man when he’s wrong. We’ll try Gerald once more, and perhaps something may come of it; and as for Jack—” Here the squire paused, and shook his head, and let go his son’s hand. “I suppose it’s sitting up so late that makes one feel so cold and wretched, and as if one saw ghosts,” said Mr. Wentworth. “Don’t stay here any longer, and take care of the candles. I ought to have been in bed two hours ago. Good-night.”

And as he walked away, the curate could not but observe what an aged figure it looked, moving with a certain caution to the door. The great library was so dim that the light of the candle which the squire carried in his hand was necessary to reveal his figure clearly, and there was no mistaking his air of age and feebleness. The curate’s thoughts were not very agreeable when he was left by himself in the half-lighted room. His imagination jumped to a picture very possible, but grievous to think of—Jack seated in his father’s place, and “the girls” and the little children turned out upon the world. In such a case, who would be their protector and natural guardian? Not Gerald, who was about to divest himself of ties still closer and more sacred. The curate lit his candle too, and went hastily to his room, when that thought came upon him. There might be circumstances still more hopeless and appalling than the opposition of a rector or the want of a benefice. He preferred to return to his anxiety

about Gerald, and to put away that thought, as he went hurriedly up-stairs.

## CHAPTER XIX.

“THE sum of it all is, that you won’t hear any reason, Gerald,” said the squire. “What your brother says and what I say, are nothing; your poor wife is nothing; and all a man’s duties, sir, in life—all your responsibilities, everything that is considered most sacred—”

“You may say what you will to me, father,” said Gerald. “I can’t expect you should speak differently. But you may imagine I have looked at it in every possible light before I came to this resolution. A man does not decide easily when everything he prizes on earth is at stake. I cannot see with Frank’s eyes, or with yours; according to the light God has given me, I must see with my own.”

“But, God bless my soul! what do you mean by seeing with your own eyes?” said the squire. “Don’t you know that is a Protestant doctrine, sir? Do you think they’ll let you see with any eyes but theirs when you get among a set of Papists? Instead of an easy-going bishop, and friendly fellows for brother clergymen, and parishioners that think everything that’s good of you, how do you suppose you’ll feel as an Englishman when you get into a dead Frenchified system, with everything going by rule and measure, and bound to believe just as you’re told? It’ll kill you, sir—that’s what will be the end of it. If you are in your grave within the year, it will be no wonder to me.”

“Amen!” said Gerald, softly. “If that is to be all, we will not quarrel with the result;” and he got up and went to the window, as if to look for his cedar, which was not there. Perhaps the absence of his silent referee gave him a kind of comfort, though at the same time it disappointed him in some fantastical way, for he turned with a curious look of relief and vexation to his brother. “We need not be always thinking of it, even if this were to be the end,” he said. “Come down the avenue with me, Frank, and let us talk of something else. The girls will grumble, but they can have you later: come, I want to hear about yourself.”

Unfortunately, the squire got up when his sons did, which was by no means their intention; but Mr. Wentworth was vexed



and restless, and was not willing to let Gerald off so easily. If he were mad, at least he ought to be made duly wretched in his madness, Mr. Wentworth thought; and he went out with them, and arrested the words on their lips. Somehow, everything seemed to concur in hindering any appeal on the part of the curate. And Gerald, like most imaginative men, had a power of dismissing his troubles after they had taken their will of him. It was he who took the conversation on himself when they went out of doors. Finding Frank slow in his report, Gerald went into all the country news for the instruction of his brother. He had been down to the very depths during the two previous days, and now he had come aloft again; for a man cannot be miserable every moment of his life, however heavy his burden may be. The "girls," whose anxieties had been much stimulated by the renewed conference held with closed doors in the library, stood watching them from one of the drawing-room windows. The boldest of the two had, indeed, got her hat to follow them, not comprehending why Frank should be monopolized for days together by anybody but herself, his favorite sister; but something in the aspect of the three men, when they first appeared under the lime-trees, had awed even the lively Letty out of her usual courage. "But Gerald is talking and laughing just as usual," she said, as she stood at the window dangling her hat in her hand, "more than usual, for he has been very glum all this spring. Poor fellow! I dare say Louisa worries him out of his life;" and with this easy conclusion the elder brother was dismissed by the girls. "Perhaps Frank is going to be married," said the other sister, who, under the lively spur of this idea, came back to the window to gaze at him again, and find out whether any intimation of this alarming possibility could be gathered from the fit of his long clerical coat, or his manner of walk, as he sauntered along under the limes. "As if a Perpetual Curate could marry!" said Letty, with scorn, who knew the world. As for little Janet, who was a tender-hearted little soul, she folded her two hands together, and looked at her brother's back with a great increase of interest. "If one loved him, one would not mind what he was," said the little maiden, who had been in some trouble herself, and understood about such matters. So

the girls talked at their window, Mrs. Wentworth being, as usual, occupied with her nursery, and nobody else at hand to teach them wisdom, and soon branched off into speculations about the post-bag, which was "due," and which, perhaps, was almost more interesting, to one of them at least, than even a brother who was going to be married.

In the mean time Gerald was talking of Plumstead and Hawtray, the brother-in-law and cousin, who were both clergymen in the same district, and about the people in the village whom they had known when they were boys, and who never grew any older. "There is old Kilweed, for example, who was Methuselah in those days—he's not eighty yet" he said with a smile and a sigh; "it is we who grow older and come nearer to the winter and the sunset. My father even has come down a long way off the awful eminence on which I used to behold him: every year that falls on my head seems to take one off his: if we both live long enough, we shall feel like contemporaries by and by," said Gerald: "just now the advantage of years is all on my side; and you are my junior, sir." He was switching down the weeds among the grass with his cane as he spoke, like any schoolboy; the air and perhaps a little excitement, had roused the blood to his cheek. He did not look the same man as the pale martyr in the library—not that he had any reason for appearing different, but only that inalienable poetic waywardness which kept him up through his trouble. As for Mr. Wentworth, he resented the momentary brightening, which he took for levity.

"I thought we came out here to prolong our discussion," said the squire, "I don't understand this light way of talking. If you mean what you've said, sir, I should never expect to see you smile more."

"The smiling makes little difference," said Gerald; but he stopped short in his talk, and there was a pause among them till the post-boy came up to them with his bag, which Mr. Wentworth, with much importance, paused to open. The young men, who had no special interest in its contents, went on. Perhaps the absence of their father was a relief to them. They were nearer to each other, understood each other better than he could do; and they quickened their pace insensibly as they began to talk. It is easy to imagine what kind of talk it was—entire sympathy,

yet disagreement wide as the poles—here for a few steps side by side, there darting off at the most opposite tangent; but they had begun to warm to it, and to forget everything else, when a succession of lusty hollos from the squire brought them suddenly to themselves, and to a dead stop. When they looked round, he was making up to them with choleric strides. “What the deuce do you mean, sir, by having telegrams sent here?” cried Mr. Wentworth, pitching at his son Frank an ominous ugly envelope, in blue and red, such as the unsophisticated mind naturally trembles at. “Beg your pardon, Gerald; but I never can keep my temper when I see a telegram. I dare say it’s something about Charley,” said the old man, in a slightly husky voice—“to make up to us for inventing troubles.” The squire was a good deal disturbed by the sight of that ill-omened message; and it was the better way, as he knew by experience, to throw his excitement into the shape of anger rather than that of grief.

“It’s nothing about Charley,” said Frank; and Mr. Wentworth blew his nose violently and drew a long breath. “I don’t understand it,” said the curate, who looked scared and pale; “it seems to be from Jack; though why *he* is in Carlingford, or what he has to do—”

“He’s ill, sir, I suppose—dying; nothing else was to be looked for,” said the squire, and held out his hand, which trembled, for the telegram. “Stuff! why shouldn’t I be able to bear it? Has he been any comfort to me? Can’t you read it, one of you?” cried the old man.

“John Wentworth to the Reverend—”

“God bless my soul! can’t you come to what he says?”

“Come back directly—you are wanted here; I am in trouble, as usual: and T. W—”

Here the squire paused and took a step backwards, and set himself against a tree. “The sun comes in one’s eyes,” he said, rather feebly. “There’s something poisonous in the air to-day. Here’s Gerald going out of the Church; and here’s Frank in Jack’s secrets, God forgive him! Lads, it seems you think I’ve had enough of this world’s good. My heir’s a swindling villain, and you know it; and here’s Frank going the same road too.”

The squire did not hear the words that both the brothers addressed to him; he was unconscious of the curate’s disclaimer and eager explanation that he knew nothing about Jack, and could not understand his presence in Carlingford. The blow he had got the previous day had confused his brain outside, and these accumulated vexations had bewildered it within. “And I could have sworn by Frank!” said the old man, piteously, to himself, as he put up his hand unawares and tugged at the dainty starched cravat which was his pride. If they had not held him in their arms, he would have slid down at the foot of the tree, against which he had instinctively propped himself. The attack was less alarming to Gerald, who had seen it before, than to Frank, who had only heard of it; but the postboy was still within call, by good fortune, and was sent off for assistance. They carried him to the Hall, gasping for breath, and in a state of partial unconsciousness, but still feebly repeating those words which went to the curate’s heart—“I could have sworn by Frank!” The house was in a great fright and tumult, naturally, before they reached it, Mrs. Wentworth fainting, the girls looking on in dismay, and the whole household moved to awe and alarm, knowing that one time or other Death would come so. As for the Curate of St. Roque’s, he had already made up his mind, with unexpected anguish, not only that his father was dying, but that his father would die under a fatal misconception about himself; and between this overwhelming thought, and the anxiety which nobody understood or could sympathize with respecting Jack’s message, the young man was almost beside himself. He went away in utter despair from the anxious consultations of the family after the doctor had come, and kept walking up and down before the house, waiting to hear the worst, as he thought; but yet unable, even while his father lay dying, to keep from thinking what miserable chance, what folly or crime, had taken Jack to Carlingford, and what his brother could have to do with the owner of the initials named in his telegram. He was lost in this twofold trouble when Gerald came out to him with brightened looks.

“He is coming round, and the doctor says there is no immediate danger,” said Gerald; “and it is only immediate danger one is

afraid of. He was as well as ever last time in a day or two. It is the complaint of the Wentworths, you know—we all die of it; but, Frank, tell me what is this about Jack?"

"I know no more than you do," said the curate, when he had recovered himself a little, "I must go back, not having done much good here, to see."

"And T. W.?" said Gerald. The elder brother looked at the younger suspiciously, as if he were afraid for him; and it was scarcely in human nature not to feel a momentary flash of resentment.

"I tell you I know nothing about it," said Frank, "except what is evident to any one, that Jack has gone to Carlingford in my absence, being in trouble somehow. I suppose he always is in trouble. I have not heard from him before since I went there; but as it don't seem I can be of any use here, as soon as my father is safe I will go back. Louisa imagined, you know—but she was wrong."

"Yes," said Gerald, quietly. That subject was concluded, and there was no more to say.

The same evening, as the squire continued to improve, and had been able to understand his energetic explanation that he was entirely ignorant of Jack's secrets, Frank Wentworth went back again with a very disturbed mind. He went into the Rectory as he passed down to the station, to say good-by to Louisa, who was sitting in the drawing-room with her children round her, and her trouble considerably lightened, though there was no particular cause for it. Dressing for dinner had of itself a beneficial effect upon Louisa: she could not understand how a life could ever be changed which was so clearly ordained of Heaven; for if Gerald was not with her, what inducement could she possibly have to dress for dinner? and then what would be the good of all the pretty wardrobe with which Providence had endowed her? Must not Providence take care that its gifts were not thus wasted? So the world was once more set fast on its foundations, and the pillars of earth remained unshaken, when Frank glanced in on his way to the station to say good-by.

"Don't be afraid, Louisa; I don't believe he would be allowed to do it," said the curate, in her ear. "The Church of Rome does not go in the face of nature. She will not take him away from you. Keep your heart at ease as much as you can. Good-by."

"You mean about Gerald. Oh, you don't *really* think he could ever have had the heart?" said Mrs. Wentworth. "I am so sorry you are going away without any dinner or anything comfortable; and it was so good of you to come, and I feel so much better. I shall always be grateful to you, dear Frank, for showing Gerald his mistake; and tell dear Aunt Dora I am so much obliged to her for thinking of the blanket for the bassinet. I am sure it will be lovely. Must you go? Good-by. I am sure you have always been like my own brother—Frank, dear, good-by. Come and kiss your dear uncle, children, and say good-by."

This was how Louisa dismissed him after all his efforts on her behalf. The girls were waiting for him on the road, still full of anxiety to know why he had come so suddenly, and was going away so soon. "We have not had half a peep of you," said Letty; "and it is wicked of you not to tell us; as if anybody could sympathize like your sisters—your very own sisters, Frank," said the young lady, with a pressure of his arm. In such a mixed family the words meant something.

"We had made up our minds you had come to tell papa," said Janet, with her pretty shy look; "that was my guess—you might tell us her name, Frank."

"Whose name!" said the unfortunate curate; and the dazzling vision of Lucy Wodehouse's face, which came upon him at the moment, was such, that the reluctant blood rose high in his cheeks—which, of course, the girls were quick enough to perceive.

"It is about some girl, after all," said Letty; "oh, me! I did not think you had been like all the rest. I thought you had other things to think of. Janet may say what she likes—but I do think it's contemptible always to find out, when a man, who can do lots of things, is in trouble, that it's about some girl or other like one's self! I did not expect it of you, Frank—but all the same, tell us who she is?" said the favorite sister, clasping his arm confidentially, and dropping her voice.

"There is the train. Good-by, girls, and be sure you write to me to-morrow how my father is," cried the curate. He had taken his seat before they could ask any further questions, and in a minute or two more was dashing out of the little station, catching their smiles and adieus as he went, and, last

of all, gazing out of the carriage-window for another look at Gerald, who stood, leaning on his stick, looking after the train, with the mist of pre-occupation gathering again over his smiling eyes. The curate went back to his corner after that, and lost himself in thoughts and anxieties still more painful. What had Jack to do in Carlingford? what connection had he with those initials, or how did he know their owner? All sorts of horrible fears came over the Curate of St. Roque's. He had not seen his elder brother for years, and Jack's career was not one for any family to be proud of. Had he done something too terrible to be hidden—too clamorous to let his name drop out of remembrance, as was to be desired for the credit of the Wentworths? This speculation wield the night away but drearily, as the Perpetual Curate went back to the unknown tide of cares which had surged in his absence into his momentarily abandoned place.

## CHAPTER XX.

MR. WENTWORTH got back to Carlingford by a happy concurrence of trains before the town had gone to sleep. It was summer, when the days are at the longest, and the twilight was just falling into night as he took his way through George Street. He went along the familiar street with a certain terror of looking into people's faces whom he met, and of asking questions such as was natural to a man who did not know whether something of public note might not have happened in his absence to call attention to his name. He imagined, indeed, that he did see a strange expression in the looks of the townsfolk he encountered on his way. He thought they looked at him askance as they made their salutations, and said something to each other after they passed, which, indeed, in several cases was true enough, though the cause was totally different from any suspected by Mr. Wentworth; anxious to know, and yet unwilling to ask, it was with a certain relief that the curate saw the light gleaming out from the open door of Elsworthy's shop as he approached. He went in and tossed down his travelling-bag on the counter, and threw himself on the solitary chair which stood outside for the accommodation of customers with a suppressed excitement, which made his question sound abrupt and significant to the ears of Elsworthy. "Has any-

thing happened since I went away?" said Mr. Wentworth, throwing a glance round the shop, which alarmed his faithful retainer. Somehow, though nothing was farther from his mind than little Rosa, or any thought of her, the curate missed the pretty little figure at the first glance.

"Well—no, sir; not much as I've heard of," said Elsworthy, with a little confusion. He was tying up his newspapers as usual, but it did not require the touch of suspicion and anxiety which gave sharpness to the curate's quick eyes to make it apparent that the cord was trembling in Mr. Elsworthy's hand. "I hope you've had a pleasant journey, sir, and a comfortable visit—it's been but short—but we always miss you in Carlingford, Mr. Wentworth, if it was only for a day."

"I'll take my paper," said the young man, who was not satisfied—"so there's no news, isn't there?—all well, and everything going as usual?" And the look which the suspicious curate bent upon Mr. Elsworthy made that virtuous individual, as he himself described it, "shake in his shoes."

"Much as usual, sir," said the frightened clerk,—"nothing new as I hear of but gossip, and that aint a thing to interest a clergyman. There's always one report or another flying about, but them follies aint for your hearing. Nothing more," continued Mr. Elsworthy, conscious of guilt, and presenting a very tremulous countenance to the inspection of his suspicious auditor, "not if it was my last word—nothing but gossip, as you wouldn't care to hear."

"I might possibly care to hear if it concerned myself," said the curate, "or anybody I am interested in," he added, after a little pause, with rather a forced smile—which convinced Mr. Elsworthy that his clergyman had heard all about Rosa, and that the days of his own incumbency as clerk of St. Roque's were numbered.

"Well, sir, if you did hear, it aint no blame of mine," said the injured bookseller, "such a notion would never have come into my mind—no man, I make bold to say, is more particular about keeping to his own rank of life nor me. What you did, sir, you did out of the kindness of your heart, and I'd sooner sell up and go off to the end of the world than impose upon a gentleman. Her aunt's took her away," continued Mr. Elsworthy, lowering his voice, and cautiously

pointing to the back of the shop; "she'll not bother you no more."

"She?—who?" cried the Perpetual Curate, in sudden consternation. He was utterly bewildered by the introduction of a female actor into the little drama, and immediately ran over in his mind all the women he could think of who could, by any possibility, be involved in mysterious relations with his brother Jack.

"She's but a child," said Elsworthy, pathetically; "she don't know nothing about the ways o' this world. If she was a bit proud o' being noticed, there wasn't no harm in that. But seeing as there's nothing in this world that folks wont make a talk of when they've started, her aunt, as is very partic'lar, has took her away. Not as I'm meaning no reproach to you, Mr. Wentworth; but she's a loss to us, is Rosa. She was a cheerful little thing, say the worst of her," said Mr. Elsworthy, "going asinging and achirruping out and in the shop; and I wont deny as the place looks desolate, how she's away. But that aint neither here nor there. It was for her good, as my missis says. Most things as is unpleasant is sent for good, they tell me; and I wouldn't—not for any comfort to myself—have a talk got up about the clergyman—"

By this time Mr. Wentworth had awakened to a sense of the real meaning of Elsworthy's talk. He sat upright on his chair, and looked into the face of the worthy shopkeeper until the poor man trembled. "A talk about the clergyman?" said the curate. "About me, do you mean? and what has little Rosa to do with me? Have you gone crazy in Carlingford?—what is the meaning of it all?" He sat with his elbows on the counter, looking at his trembling adherent—looking through and through him, as Elsworthy said. "I should be glad of an explanation; what does it mean?" said Mr. Wentworth, with a look which there was no evading; and the clerk of St. Roque's cast an anxious glance round him for help. He would have accepted it from any quarter at that overwhelming moment; but there was not even an errand-boy to divert from him the curate's terrible eyes.

"I—I don't know—I—can't tell how it got up," said the unhappy man, who had not even his "missis" in the parlor as a moral support. "One thing as I know is, it wasn't

no blame o' mine. I as good as went down on my knees to them three respected ladies when they come to inquire. I said as it was kindness in you aseeing of the child home, and didn't mean nothing more. I ask you, sir, what could I do?" cried Mr. Elsworthy. "Folks in Carlingford will talk o' two straws if they're aseen ablowing up Grange Lane on the same breath o' wind. I couldn't do no more nor contradict it," cried Rosa's guardian, getting excited in his self-defence; "and to save your feelings, Mr. Wentworth, and put it out o' folks's power to talk, the missis has been and took her away."

"To save my feelings!" said the curate, with a laugh of contempt and vexation and impatience which it was not pleasant to hear. At another moment an accusation so ridiculous would have troubled him very little; but just now, with a sudden gleam of insight, he saw all the complications which might spring out of it to confuse further the path which he already felt to be so burdened, "I'll tell you what, Elsworthy," said Mr. Wentworth, "if you don't want to make me your enemy instead of your friend, you'll send for this child instantly, without a day's delay. Tell your wife that my orders are that she should come back directly. *My feelings!* do the people in Carlingford think me an idiot, I wonder?" said the curate, walking up and down to relieve his mind.

"I don't know, sir, I'm sure," said Elsworthy, who thought some answer was required of him. To tell the truth, Rosa's uncle felt a little spiteful. He did not see matters in exactly the same light as Mr. Wentworth did. At the bottom of his heart, after all, lay a thrill of awakened ambition. Kings and princes had been known to marry far out of their degree for the sake of a beautiful face; and why a Perpetual Curate should be so much more lofty in his sentiments, puzzled and irritated the clerk of St. Roque's. "There aint a worm but will turn when he's trod upon," said Mr. Elsworthy to himself; and when his temper was roused, he became impertinent, according to the manner of his kind.

Mr. Wentworth gave him a quick look, struck by the changed tone, but unable to make out whether it might not be stupidity. "You understand what I mean, Elsworthy," he said, with his loftiest air. "If Rosa does not return instantly, I shall be seriously of-



fended. How you and your friends could be such utter idiots as to get up this ridiculous fiction, I can't conceive; but the sooner it's over the better. I expect to see her back to-morrow," said the curate, taking up his bag and looking with an absolute despotism, which exasperated the man, in Elsworthy's face.

"You may be sure, sir, if she knows as you want to see her, she'll come," said the worm which had been trampled on; "and them as asks me why, am I to say it was the clergyman's orders?" said Elsworthy, looking up in his turn with a consciousness of power. "That means a deal, does that. I wouldn't take it upon me to say as much, not of myself: but if them's your orders, Mr. Wentworth—"

"It appears to me, Elsworthy," said the curate, who was inwardly in a towering passion, though outwardly calm enough, "either that you've been drinking, or that you mean to be impertinent; which is it?"

"Me!—drinking, sir?" cried the shopkeeper. "If I had been one as was given that way, I wouldn't have attended to your interests not as I have done. There aint another man in Carlingford as has stood up for his clergyman as I have; and as for little Rosa, sir, most folks as had right notions would have inquired into that; but being as I trusted in you, I wasn't the one to make any talk. I've said to everybody as has asked me that there wasn't nothing in it but kindness. I don't say as I hadn't my own thoughts—for gentlemen don't go walking up Grange Lane with a pretty little creature like that all for nothing; but instead o' making anything of that, or leading of you on, or putting it in the child's head to give you encouragement, what was it I did but send her away afore you came home, that you mightn't be led into temptation! And instead of feelin' grateful, you say I've been drinking! It's a thing as I scorn to answer," said Mr. Elsworthy; "there aint no need to make any reply—all Carlingford knows me; but as for Rosa, if it is understood plain between us that it's your wish, I aint the man to interfere," continued Rosa's guardian, with a smile which drove the curate frantic; "but she hasn't got no father, poor thing, and it's my business to look after her; and I'll not bring her back, Mr. Wentworth, unless it's understood between us plain."

Strong language, forcible but unclerical, was on the curate's lips, and it was only with an effort that he restrained himself. "Look here, Elsworthy," he said; "it will be better for you not to exasperate me. You understand perfectly what I mean. I repeat, Rosa must come back, and that instantly. It is quite unnecessary to explain to you why I insist upon this, for you comprehend it. Pshaw! don't let us have any more of this absurdity," he exclaimed, impatiently. "No more, I tell you. Your wife is not such a fool. Let anybody who inquires about me understand that I have come back, and am quite able to account for all my actions," said the curate, shouldering his bag. He was just about leaving the shop when Elsworthy rushed after him in an access of alarm and repentance.

"One moment, sir," cried the shopkeeper. "There aint no offence, Mr. Wentworth? I am sure there aint nobody in Carlingford as means better, or would do as much for his clergyman. One moment, sir; there was one thing as I forgot to mention. Mr. Wodehouse, sir, has been took bad. There was a message up a couple of hours ago to know when you was expected home. He's had a stroke, and they don't think as he'll get over it—being a man of a full 'abit of body," said Mr. Elsworthy, in haste, lest the curate should break in on his unfinished speech, "makes it dangerous. I've had my fears this long time past."

"A stroke," said the curate—"a fit, do you mean? When, and how? and, good heavens! to think that you have been wasting my time with rubbish, and knew this?" Mr. Wentworth tossed down his travelling-bag again, and wiped his forehead nervously. He had forgotten his real anxiety in the irritation of the moment. Now it returned upon him with double force. "How did it come on?" he asked, "and when?" and stood waiting for the answer with a world of other questions, which he could not put to Elsworthy, hanging on his lips.

"I have a deal of respect for that family, sir," said Elsworthy; "they've had troubles as few folks in Carlingford know of. How close they have kep' things, to be sure!—but not so close as them that has good memories, and can put two and two together, couldn't call to mind. My opinion, sir, if you believe

me," said the clerk of St. Roque's, approaching close to the curate's ear, "is, that it's something concerning the son."

"The son!" said Mr. Wentworth, with a troubled look. Then, after a pause, he added quickly, as if his exclamation had been an oversight, "What son? has Mr. Wodehouse a son!"

"To think as they should have been so close with the clergyman!" said Elsworthy, innocently, "though he aint no credit that they should talk of him. He's been gone out o' Carlingford nigh upon twenty year; but he aint dead for all that; and I am told as he's been seen about Grange Lane this last spring. I am one as hears all the talk that's agoing on, being, as you might say, in a public position of life. Such a thing mightn't maybe come to your ears, sir?" he continued, looking inquisitively in Mr. Wentworth's face; "but wherever he is, you may be sure it's something about him as has brought on this attack on the old man. It was last night as he was took so bad, and a couple of hours ago a message came up. Miss Wodehouse (as is the nicest lady in Grange Lane, and a great friend to me) had took a panic, and she was acrying for you, the man said, and wouldn't take no denial. If I had known where you was to be found, I'd have sent word."

"Send down my bag to my house," said the curate, hastily interrupting him. "Good-night—don't forget what I said about the other matter." Mr. Wentworth went out of the shop with a disagreeable impression that Elsworthy had been examining his face like an inquisitor, and was already forming conclusions from what he had seen there. He went away hurriedly, with a great many vague fears in his mind. Mr. Wodehouse's sudden illness seemed to him a kind of repetition and echo of the squire's, and in the troubled and uncertain state of his thoughts, he got to confusing them together in the centre of this whirl of unknown disaster and perplexity. Perhaps even thus it was not all bitterness to the young man to feel his family united with that of Lucy Wodehouse. He went down Grange Lane in the summer darkness under the faint stars, full of anxiety and alarm, yet not without a thrill in his heart, a sweeter undercurrent of conscious agitation in the knowledge that he was hastening to her presence. Sudden breaks in

his thoughts revealed her, as if behind a curtain, rising to receive him, giving him her hand, meeting his look with her smile; so that, on the whole, neither Gerald's distress, nor Jack's alarming call, nor his father's attack, nor Mr. Wodehouse's illness, nor the general atmosphere of vexation and trouble surrounding his way, could succeed in making the young man totally wretched. He had this little stronghold of his own to retire into. The world could not fall to pieces so long as he continued with eager steps to devour the road which led to Mr. Wodehouse's garden-door.

Before he had reached that goal, however, he met a group who were evidently returning from some little dinner in Grange Lane. Mr. Wentworth took off his hat hastily in recognition of Mrs. Morgan, who was walking by her husband's side, with a bright-colored hood over her head instead of a bonnet. The curate, who was a man of taste, could not help observing, even in the darkness, and amid all his pre-occupations, how utterly the cherry-colored trimmings of her headdress were out of accordance with the serious countenance of the rector's wife, who was a little beaten with her walk. She was a good woman, but she was not fair to look upon; and it occurred to Mr. Wentworth to wonder if Lucy were to wait ten years for him, would the youthful grace dry and wither out of her like this! And then all at once another idea flashed upon his mind, without any wish of his. Like the unhappy lover in the ballad, he was suddenly aware of a temptation—

"How there looked him in the face  
An angel beautiful and bright,  
And how he knew it was a fiend."

"Of course the Rectory will go to Frank." He could not tell why at that moment the words rang into his ear with such a penetrating sound. That he hated himself for being able to think of such a possibility made no difference. It came darting and tingling into his mind like one of those suggestions of blasphemy which the devils whispered in Christian's ear as he went through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. He went on faster than ever to escape from it, scarcely observing that Mrs. Morgan, instead of simply acknowledging his bow as she passed, stopped to shake hands and to say how glad she was he had come back again. He thought of it afterwards with wonder and a strange

gratitude. The rector's wife was not like the conventional type of a pitying angel; and even had she been so, he had not time to recognize her at that moment as he went struggling with his demons to Mr. Wodehouse's green door.

## CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN the green door was opened, Mr. Wentworth saw at a glance that there was agitation and trouble in the house. Lights were twinkling irregularly in the windows here and there, but the family apartment, the cheerful drawing-room, which generally threw its steady, cheerful blaze over the dark garden, shone but faintly with half-extinguished lights and undrawn curtains. It was evident at a glance that the room was deserted, and its usual occupants engaged elsewhere. "Master's very bad, sir," said the servant who opened the door; "the young ladies is both with him, and a hired nurse come in besides. The doctor don't seem to have no great hopes, but it will be a comfort to know as you have come back. Miss Wodehouse wanted you very bad an hour or two ago, for they thought as master was reviving, and could understand. I'll go and let them know you are here."

"Don't disturb them, unless I can be of use," said Mr. Wentworth. The look of the house, and the atmosphere of distress and anxiety about it, chilled him suddenly. His visions and hopes seemed guilty and selfish as he went slowly up those familiar steps and into the house, over which the shadow of death seemed already lying. He went by himself into the forsaken drawing-room, where two neglected candles were burning feebly in a corner, and the wistful sky looking in as if to ask why the domestic temple was thus left open and uncared for. After the first moment he went hastily to the windows, and drew down the blinds in a kind of tender impatience. He could not bear that anything in the world, even her father's danger, should discompose the sweet, good order of the place where Lucy's image dwelt. There was her chair and her basket of work, and on the little table a book marked with pencil marks, such as youthful readers love to make; and by degrees that breath of Lucy lingering in the silent room overcame its dreariness, and the painful sense of desertion which had struck him at first. He hovered about that

corner where her usual place was, feeling in his heart that Lucy in trouble was dearer, if possible, than Lucy in happiness, and hung over her chair, with a mixture of reverence and tenderness and yearning, which could never be expressed in words. It was the divinest phase of love which was in his mind at the moment; for he was not thinking of himself, but of her, and of how he could succor her and comfort and interpose his own true heart and life between her and all trouble. It was at this moment that Lucy herself entered the room; she came in softly, and surprised him in the overflowing of his heart. She held out her hand to him as usual, and smiled perhaps less brightly, but that of course arose from the circumstances of the house; and her voice was very measured and steady when she spoke, less variable than of old. What was it she said? Mr. Wentworth unconsciously left the neighborhood of that chair over which he had been bending, which, to tell the truth, he had leaned his head upon, lover-like, and perhaps even kissed for her sake, five minutes before, and grew red and grew pale with a strange revulsion and tumult of feeling. He could not tell what the difference was, or what it meant. He only felt in an instant, with a sense of the change that chilled him to the heart, as if somehow a wall of ice had risen between them. He could see her through that transparent veil, and hear her speak, and perceive the smile which cast no warmth of reflection on him; but in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, everything in heaven and earth was changed. Lucy herself, to her own consciousness, trembled and faltered, and felt as if her voice and her looks must betray an amount of emotion which she would have died rather than show; but then Lucy had rehearsed this scene before, and knew all she intended by it; whereas upon the curate, in his little flush and overflow of tenderness, it fell like a sudden earthquake, rending his fair edifice of happiness asunder, and casting him out into unexpected darkness. Sudden confusion, mortification, even a sense of injury and bitterness, came swelling over his heart as he set a chair for her as far away as possible from the corner in which he had been indulging such vain and unwarrantable dreams.

"It happened yesterday," said Lucy; "we have not been quite able to discern what

was the cause; at least *I* have not been able to find it out. The clerks at the office say it was something about—but that does not matter," she went on, with her sweet politeness; "you don't care for the details. I sometimes fancy Mary knows more than she tells me, and I think you are in her confidence, Mr. Wentworth. But I am not going to ask you any questions. The doctors say he is not suffering so much as he seems to be. It is terrible to see him lie there not knowing any of us," said Lucy, with a tremble in her voice.

"But you thought him better some time ago?" said the curate, whose words choked him, and who could not endure to speak.

"Yes, about six o'clock," said Lucy, "he tried to speak, and put Mary in a great fright, I cannot tell why. Would you be good enough, Mr. Wentworth," she went on hastily, with a strange mixture of earnestness and coldness, "if you know of anything she is keeping secret, to bid her tell me? I am able to bear anything there may be to bear—surely as well as she is, who has had no trouble," said Lucy, softly; and for a moment she wavered in her fixed composure, and the wall of ice moved as if it might fall.

"Nor you?" said the curate, bending anxiously forward to look into her eyes. He was inexpressibly moved and agitated by the inference, which perhaps no listener less intensely concerned would have drawn from what Lucy said. He could not bear that she should have any trouble which he might not do something to relieve her of.

"Oh, no, nor I," said Lucy, quickly, and in that moment the softening of tone disappeared entirely. "Mary will be pleased to see you, Mr. Wentworth. I will go and relieve her presently. Papa is asleep just now, and I was down-stairs giving some directions when you came in. I wanted to ask you to look after that poor woman at No. 10. She still keeps living on, and I have not been able to see her to-day. She misses me when I don't go," said Lucy, with a very little unconscious sigh. "Would you see her, please, to-morrow, if you have time?"

"Yes, certainly," said the curate; and then there was a pause. "Is there nothing but this that you will let me do for you?" he asked, trusting to his looks to show the heart, which at this moment he was so much tempted to disclose to her, but dared not.

And even in all her trouble Lucy was too much of a woman to neglect an opportunity so tempting

"Thank you," she said. "Yes, there are those poor little Bertrams I was to have seen to-day—if you would be so very good as to send some one to them." Lucy lifted her eyes only as she ended this little speech. She had meant it cruelly, to be sure, and the arrow had gone home; but when she met the look that was fixed on her after her little shaft was fired, Lucy's resolution faltered. The tears came rushing to her eyes so hot and rapid that she could not restrain them. Some trouble of her own gave poignancy to that outbreak of filial grief. "Papa is so very ill!" she said with a sob, as a scalding drop fell upon her hand; and then got up suddenly, afraid of the consequences. But the curate, mortified, wounded, and disheartened as he was, had no comprehension either of the bitterness or the relenting that was in Lucy's thoughts. Rosa Elsworthy did not so much as occur to him in all his confused wonderings. He went after her to the door, too much perplexed and distressed to be indignant, as his first impulse was. She turned half round, with a tremulous little inclination of her head, which was all the good-night she could venture on. But the young man was too much disturbed to permit this.

"You will give me your hand, surely," he said, taking it, and holding it fast—a hand so different from that weak woman's hand that clung to Gerald without any force to hold him, in Wentworth Rectory. Those reluctant fingers, so firm and so soft, which scorned any struggle to withdraw themselves, but remained passive in his with a more effectual protest still against his grasp, wrung the very heart of the Perpetual Curate. He let them go with a sigh of vexation and disappointment. "Since that is all I can do, I will do it," he said—"that or anything else." She had left him almost before the words were said; and it was in a very disconsolate mood that he turned back into the deserted drawing-room. To tell the truth, he forgot everything else for the moment, asking himself what it could mean; and walked about, stumbling over the chairs, feeling all his little edifice of personal consolation falling to the winds, and not caring much though everything else should follow. He was in this state of mind when Miss Wodehouse came to

him, moving with noiseless steps, as everybody did in the stricken house.

"O Mr. Wentworth, I am so glad you have come," said that mild woman, holding out both her hands to him. She was too much agitated to say anything more. She was not equal to the emergency, or any emergency, but sank down on a chair, and relieved herself by tears, while the curate stood anxiously by, waiting for what she had to say to him. "My father is very ill," she said, like Lucy, through her crying; "I don't know what good anybody can do; but thank God you've come home—now I shall feel I have somebody to apply to, whatever happens," said poor Miss Wodehouse, drying the eyes that were suffused again the next moment. Her helpless distress did not overwhelm the spectator, like Lucy's restrained trouble, but that was natural enough.

"Tell me about it," said Mr. Wentworth; "the cause—can I guess at the cause? it is something about your—"

"Oh, hush! don't say his name," cried Miss Wodehouse. "Yes, yes, what else could it be? O Mr. Wentworth, will you close the door, please, and see that there's no one about. I dare not speak to you till I am sure there's no one listening; not that I suspect anybody of listening," said the troubled woman; "but one never knows. I am afraid it is all my fault," she continued, getting up again suddenly to see that the windows were closed. "I ought to have sent him away, instead of putting my trouble upon you; and now he is in greater danger than ever. O Mr. Wentworth, I meant it for the best; and now, unless you can help us, I don't know what I am to do."

"I cannot help you unless you tell me what is wrong," said the curate, making her sit down, and drawing a chair close to her. He took her hand, by way of compelling her attention—a fair, soft hand too, in its restless, anxious way. He held it in a brotherly grasp, trying to restore her to coherence, and induce her to speak.

"I don't know enough about business to tell you," she said. "He was in danger when I threw him upon your charity; and O Mr. Wentworth, thank you, thank you a thousand times, for taking him in like a brother! If Lucy only knew! But I don't feel as if I dared to tell her—and yet I sometimes think I ought, for your—I mean for all our

sakes. Yes, I will try to explain it if I can—but I can't; indeed I don't understand," cried the poor lady in despair. "It is something about a bill—it was something about a bill before; and I thought I could soften papa, and persuade him to be merciful; but it has all turned to greater wretchedness and misery. The first one was paid, you know, and I thought papa might relent;—but—don't cast us off, Mr. Wentworth—don't go and denounce him; you might, but you will not. It would be justice, I acknowledge," cried the weeping woman; "but there is something higher than justice even in this world. You are younger than I am, and so is Lucy; but you are better than me, you young people, and you must be more merciful too. I have seen you going among the poor people and among the sick, and I could not have done it; and you wont forsake me—O Mr. Wentworth, you wont forsake me, when you know that my trouble is greater than I can bear!"

"I will not forsake you," said the curate; "but tell me what it is. I have been summoned to Carlingford by my brother, and I am bewildered and disturbed beyond what I can tell you—"

"By your brother?" said Miss Wodehouse, with her unfailing instinct of interest in other people. "I hope there is no trouble in your own family, Mr. Wentworth. One gets so selfish when one is in great distress. I hope he is not ill. It sounds as if there was comfort in the very name of a brother," said the gentle woman, drying her tears, "and I hope it is so with you; but it isn't always so. I hope you will find he is better when you get home. I am very, very sorry to hear that you are in trouble too."

Mr. Wentworth got up from his chair with a sigh of impatience. "Will nobody tell me what is the matter?" he said. "Mr. Wodehouse is ill, and there is some mysterious cause for it; and you are miserable, and there is a cause for that too; and I am to do something to set things right without knowing what is wrong. Will you tell me? What is it? Has your—"

"O Mr. Wentworth, don't say anybody's name—don't speak so loud. There may be a servant in the staircase or something," cried Miss Wodehouse. "I hear somebody coming now." She got up to listen, her sweet old face growing white with panic, and went



a few steps towards the door, and then tottered into another chair, unable to command herself. A certain sick thrill of apprehension came over the curate, too, as he hastened forward. He could not tell what he was afraid of, or whether it was only the accumulated agitation of the day that made him weak. Somebody was coming up the stairs and towards this room, with a footstep more careless than those stealthy steps with which all the servants were stealing about the house. Whoever he was, he stopped at the door a moment, and then looked cautiously in. When he saw the figure of the curate in the imperfect light, he withdrew his head again as if deliberating with himself, and then, with a sudden rush, came in, and shut the door after him. "Confound these servants! they're always prowling about the house," said the new-comer. He was an alarming apparition in his great beard and his shabbiness, and the fugitive look he had. "I couldn't help it," he broke forth, with a spontaneous burst of apology and self-defence. "I heard he was ill, and I couldn't keep quiet. How is he? You don't mean to say *that's* my fault. Molly, can't you speak to me? How could I tell I should find you and the parson alone here, and all safe? I might have been risking my—my—freedom—everything I care for; but when I heard he was ill, I couldn't stay quiet. Is he dying?—what's the matter? Molly, can't you speak?"

"O Mr. Wentworth, somebody will see him!" cried Miss Wodehouse, wringing her hands. "O Tom, Tom, how could you do it? Suppose somebody was to come in—John, or somebody. If you care for your own life, oh, go away, go away!"

"They can't touch my life," said the stranger, sullenly. "I dare say she doesn't know that. Nor the parson need not look superior—there are more people concerned than I; but if I've risked everything to hear, you may surely tell me how the old man is."

"If it was love that brought you," said poor Miss Wodehouse; "but, O Tom, you know I can't believe that. He is very, very ill; and it is you that have done it," cried the mild woman, in a little gush of passion—"you whom he has forgiven and forgiven till his heart is sick. Go away. I tell you, go away from the house that you have shamed. O Mr. Wentworth, take him away," she cried, turning to the curate with clasped

hands—"tell him to hide—to fly—or he'll be taken: he will not be forgiven this time; and if my father—if my dear father dies—" But when she got so far her agitation interrupted her. She kept her eyes upon the door with a wild look of terror, and waved her helpless hands to warn the intruder away.

"If he dies, matters will be altered," said the stranger; "you and I might change places then, for that matter. I'm going away from Carlingford. I can't stay in such a wretched hole any longer. It's gout or something?" said the man, with a tone of nature breaking through his bravado—"it's not anything that has happened? Say so, and I'll never trouble you more."

"Oh, if Lucy were to see him!" said poor Miss Wodehouse. The words came unawares out of her heart without any thought; but the next thing of which she was conscious was that the Perpetual Curate had laid his hand on the stranger's arm, and was leading him reluctantly away. "I will tell you all you want to know," said Mr. Wentworth, "but not here;" and with his hand upon the other's arm, moved him somehow with an irresistible command, half physical, half mental, to the door. Before Miss Wodehouse could say anything, they were gone; before she could venture to draw that long-sighing breath of relief, she heard the door below close, and the retreating footsteps in the garden. But the sound, thankful though she was, moved her to another burst of bitter tears. "To think I should have to tell a stranger to take him away," she sobbed out of the anguish of her heart; and sat weeping over him with a relenting that wrung her tender spirit, without power to move till the servant came up with alarmed looks to ask if any one had come in in his absence. "Oh, no; it was only Mr. Wentworth—and a gentleman who came to fetch him," said Miss Wodehouse. And she got up, trembling, and told John he had better shut up the house and go to bed. "For I hope papa will have a better night, and we must not waste our strength," she said, with a kind of woful smile, which was a wonder to John. He said Miss Wodehouse was a tender-hearted one, to be sure, when he went down-stairs; but that was no very novel piece of information to anybody there.

Meantime the curate went down Grange Lane with that strange lodger of Mrs. Had-

win's, who had broken thus into Miss Wodehouse's solitude. They did not say much to each other as they went sullenly side by side down the silent road ;—for the stranger, whose feelings were not complicated by any very lively sense of gratitude, looked upon his companion as a kind of jailer, and had an unspeakable grudge against the man who exercised so calm an ascendancy over him ; though to be sure it might have been difficult to resist the moral force of the Curate of St. Roque's, who was three inches taller than himself, and had the unbroken vigor of youth and health to back him. As for

Mr. Wentworth, he went on without speaking, with a bitterness in his heart not to be expressed. His own personal stronghold of happiness and consolation had shattered in pieces in that evening's interview ; and as he went to his own house he asked himself what he should find in it ? This wretched man, with whose sins he had been hitherto but partially acquainted ; and Jack, with whom the other had Heaven knew what horrible connection. Should he find a den of thieves where he had left only high thoughts and lofty intentions ? It was thus, after his three days' absence, that he returned home.

IMPORTANT MEDICAL DISCOVERY.—A London correspondent of the *Liberator* gives this account :—

"A great discovery is just now engaging the attention of the scientific and medical world. Few English names are more familiar to Americans than that of Dr. John Chapman, once the leading publisher of heretical books, now editor of the *Westminster*, and always a devotee of science and medicine. He is well acquainted with many scientific and literary Americans ; and many of them, amongst others Mr. Emerson, have resided in his house when in England. This Dr. Chapman has been for years engaged in studies and experiments connected with the nervous system alone, with such men as Dr. Brown, Séguard, and Claude Bernard of Paris. For the past year he has been proving a tremendous discovery ; namely, the cure of epilepsy, and many diseases hitherto deemed incurable, by means of the external application of ice and hot water, in India-rubber bags, at various parts of the spinal cord, acting thus upon the sympathetic nerve, and through it upon the most important and vital regions of the body. Many eminent physicians have accompanied Dr. Chapman to see the marvels which he has wrought upon patients who had long ago despaired of health. Some physicians, amongst others Dr. Wilkinson (though a homeopathist), have so recognized the importance of the discovery as to commit to Dr. Chapman's care some of their patients. Cases are attested where a man for six years had three fits (on an average) daily, a girl who had two from the ages of thirteen to seventeen, had been entirely cured by ice. Just as wonderful have been the cures of paralysis. Many of the worst and most inveterate female diseases have yielded to the new cure. The treatment is as simple as it is grand. Any one who is troubled by the pressure of blood on the brain will find that, by

holding a bag of ice on the nape of the neck ten minutes, an equable flow of blood can be secured. Those who are troubled with habitual cold feet may find relief by applying ice to the small of the back in the lumbar region. It is hard to estimate the importance of this discovery, which will ere long be ranked by the side of that of Jenner. Several hospitals are already under Dr. Chapman's practice, and, as yet, no one can bring forward an instance of failure."

A RELIO from the battle-field of Gettysburg, is in possession of J. F. Bourns, M.D., No. 1104 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia. It is a melanotype, or ambrotype on iron, of three children,—two boys and a girl,—and was taken from the hands of a dead soldier belonging to the Union army. He had been mortally wounded, and crawled to a sheltered spot, where his body was found, with the picture of his children so placed within his folded hands that it met his dying gaze. There was no clue to his name, or his regiment, or his former place of residence, but his grave is marked, and it is hoped that he may be identified by the picture of his children. The little ones have all interesting faces, and would seem to be nine, seven, and five years of age. The youngest is seated in a high chair, with his brother on his right hand and his sister on his left. The little girl has a plaid dress, and the eldest boy a jacket of the same material. The miniature has a flat gilt frame, and may have been sent from home in a letter. On the frame, faint, but traceable, is the inscription, "*Holmes, Booth, and Haydens, superfine.*"—*N. Y. Observer.*

MR. FREEMAN has just ready a very curious volume, edited by the author of "*Dives and Lazarus*," entitled "*Shirley Hall Asylum ; or, the Memoirs of a Monomaniac.*"

From The Saturday Review.  
FRIEND'S FRIENDS.

THERE is no relation more peculiar than that in which a man stands to his friend's friends. It is the exact opposite of that which in great cities usually exists between a man and his next-door neighbors. The latter are among the most familiar objects of your daily life, but, except by sight, you know nothing of them. You see them coming in and going out, but, constant as are your encounters, two different worlds, to all intents and purposes, lie on each side of the partition-wall which separates their drawing-room from yours. Your friend's friends, on the contrary, you may never even have seen, and may yet know intimately. So far as personal acquaintance is concerned, they are a mere abstraction; and yet, if there be something about them to excite your interest, you may, at different times and through different channels, be silently accumulating a mass of evidence about their characters and dispositions, until you feel that you know Pylades almost as well as Orestes does. Friendship, like relationship, has its table of degrees; and these friendships once removed have something about them of the piquancy of an incognito. In this silent and unsuspected study of character there is the same sort of pleasure that is found, if fairy-tales are to be credited, in wearing an invisible cap, or wandering about, like Haroun Alraschid, at night in disguise, or in any other way gratifying the innate desire of the human bosom to peep at people unobserved. Casual expressions, dropped in a letter or a conversation, are a sort of *trou-judas*, affording many a glimpse of persons who little think they are at the time the objects of any scrutiny. Those who are thus known to you only through another, at once strangers and familiar, are acquaintances as incorporeal as the characters of a novel. You note their qualities and trace their fortunes much as you do those of an imaginary hero or heroine. But they differ from mere creations of fancy in the possibility which always exists of their passing some day from the region of the ideal into that of the real, and becoming personally known and loved.

One of the chief reasons for feeling a curiosity about your friend's friends is that they furnish the best possible illustration of your own friend's character. The view which one

person takes of another is necessarily partial and limited. It is modified and determined by a thousand different circumstances. It is a common fallacy to suppose that between friends there must be on all points an identity of likings and dislikes, and that with any agreement short of this friendship cannot consist. Every-day experience shows that it can, and generally does, consist with much less. One point of sympathy, one common taste, will support a friendship between two persons otherwise widely different. No two natures could have been more unlike than those of the worthy and ponderous Dr. Johnson and his brilliant and dissolute contemporary, Beauclerk. One link alone held them together—a common love of literature—and outweighed all other dissimilarities. A warm and sincere regard is often based on nothing more solid than a community of crotchets or whims—a common belief in the water-cure, a common admiration for a particular preacher, a common passion for old china, or love of the same dish. The virtuous man is parted from the vicious by a moral abyss, but it is curious to notice how often the gulf is bridged by a common taste for Elzevir editions and old Wedgwood. Minor affinities often create a tie capable of bearing the strain of great moral and intellectual discrepancies. There are, of course, friendships founded on a larger view and a deeper appreciation of character. But, out of Germany, they are rare. In friendship, as in trade, the principle of limited liability is generally recognized. A man of the world as little thinks of concentrating all his sympathies upon one friend as of risking his whole capital in one commercial venture. He is quite content to parcel them out among many—to resolve, as it were, into its chief elements the complex whole of his thoughts, tastes, and yearnings, and obtain a separate outlet for each. One man he meets on the ground of art alone. To another he is attracted solely by political affinities. To a third he is drawn by the mesmeric force of religious sympathy. The materials for friendship lie broadcast around every man, and are seldom to be found, as it were, all in one block. It is only by an eclectic process that they can be brought together and disposed in such combinations as to soothe and sweeten life.

The two parties to a friendship resemble the two parties to a bargain—each possesses

a commodity which the other is anxious to obtain. Take, for example, the intimacy which often springs up between a young girl and an old woman. What is this but an exchange of enthusiasm for experience, prospect for retrospect, freshness for maturity, springtide hopes for autumnal regrets? Youth has something to offer which has a special charm for age. Age has it in its power to gratify the strong curiosity of youth. Each can supply that for which the other yearns, and upon the sympathy on a particular point thus exchanged the whole friendship hangs. A single fact—the disparity of years—is the connecting link. But sympathy on one point by no means implies sympathy on all. If the majority of friendships are founded on a partial view of character—if they deal, not with the whole man, but with some part of him only, some one gift or quality which he may possess, or some accident even of his birth or training—it is evident that the dearest friends may have but an approximate notion of each other's real character. Some salient feature only is brought out into strong relief, just as in a storm at night some particular eminence or building is lit up by a sudden flash, while the rest of the landscape is all obscurity. The condition of most friendships is this—to know intimately the tenth-part of a man, and to be utterly ignorant of the other nine-tenths. But there are others who may have had opportunities for observing him from a point of view wholly different from yours. Here, then, it is that you may learn much from your friend's friends. The point of contact between you and a certain person may be metaphysics—between him and some one else, music. You recognize your friend only in abstruse speculations about the origin of evil or the immortality of the soul. You have never contemplated him from his musical side, and his passionate fondness, therefore, for Auber and Rossini comes upon you with the force of a new revelation. How interesting to know that the man whom you have learned to associate almost exclusively with Aristotle or Plato was last autumn a constant and enthusiastic frequenter of the Opera Comique! What a new light it sheds on his character to find that he likes the company of one who has never heard of the Republic, or the Ethics, or Bishop Butler, or Paley, or Mill, and whose talk is wholly about Meyerbeer's long-promised *Af-*

*ricaine*, and Gounod's *Faust*, and Titien's and Patti, and all the flying rumors of the *coulisses*! Or you may chance to number among your friends a man of the dry, official type. You live whole years, and you might live centuries, without making the discovery that he has tastes which belong to a man of a totally different stamp. But he happens to have an old schoolfellow and contemporary in a Leicestershire squire, who casually informs you that your solemn friend is a first-rate man across country. The same man who cannot give a deputation a straightforward answer is prompt and bold in the hunting-field, and possesses an amount of vigor and manliness with which you never credited him. What a pleasant surprise, and with what different eyes will you regard him when you next visit the purlieus of Whitehall! Or there may be some fair votary of fashion, whom you have never seen except as a brilliant butterfly, fluttering over the gay parterres of Belgrave and May Fair. After setting her down as an irreclaimable worldling, accident may reveal to you a mine of unsuspected good in her character. The faults as well as the virtues of friends are often brought to light by the same roundabout process. The meanness which is successfully concealed from one man is unconsciously revealed to another. The surface amiability which misleads one observer is not so well maintained as to impose upon another. Sophia thinks Matilda an angel, until informed, by an incautious friend of the latter, that she leads her maid an awful life. Smith ceases to think Jones a hero when told of his base ingratitude to Brown.

Nor is it only as throwing light on a great deal that is dark in one's friends' characters that *their* friends merit notice. They can explain much that is perplexing, and furnish the key to many riddles. They often know facts about your friends at the knowledge of which you could never arrive yourself. You are on intimate terms with a lady who persists in wearing a band of black velvet round her left wrist. After racking your brains for years in the vain attempt to solve the mystery, you come across another of the lady's intimate friends who explains it in a moment. She has seen a ghost, who was ungallant enough to leave a scar upon her left arm. You can never understand why, on a certain day of the year, your trusted friend and adviser, old Surrebutter, of the Inner

Temple, invariably donned a suit of mourning and remained secluded in his chambers. The college friend with whom he sips his port on Christmas Day clears up the matter, some day or other, by telling you of a romantic passage in the veteran pleader's early life. One reads the lines of past suffering on some gentle face, and wonders what was the trouble that set the furrows there. Thereby hangs a tale, which you may learn hereafter from the lips of some sympathizing confidant. What makes your soldier-friend so simple and modest, your mitred friend so inordinately stiff and pompous? The consciousness of their humble origin—a secret which they may strive to conceal, but which is pretty sure to reach your ears at last. Why, among the circle of your intimates, is one man so flighty, another so puritanical, a third so strong a teetotaler? These are questions which you cannot answer yourself, but which some one who has known the same persons earlier or better than you may be able to answer. It is safer, in short, in estimating the character of a given individual in its entirety, to assume nothing, and proceed by way of a regular induction. When three, four, or five of his intimate friends, who have known him at different times and seen him in different situations, agree that he is good-tempered, selfish, brave, or mean, there can be little doubt that he is so. It is impossible, therefore, to know any one really well unless you know his surroundings, and have some sort of access to his other intimate friends. There is no reason why a clearer insight into a friend's character should not be obtained during his lifetime, by the same sort of method that is adopted after his decease. When a man is dead, his biographer instinctively turns to the friends of the departed to fill up the gaps in his own knowledge, and pictures out the whole character by means of their evidence. The same source of information has been, during his friend's lifetime, equally accessible. There were always new veins of character which might have been tapped, and unknown incidents which might have been long ago brought to light. One need not always wait till death for the fuller knowledge and more comprehensive view that belongs to a posthumous record.

A shrewd observer may turn his friend's friends to account in another way. They serve as a mirror in which the characteristics

of all friendship are continually being reflected. To watch the relations which exist between two persons, one of whom you know well and the other only mediately, is no unprofitable amusement. You see, in studying them, what causes tend to strengthen, weaken, or dissolve friendship, the tact which cements it, the rocks on which shipwreck is most often made. The knowledge thus gained is a chart to steer by and avoid the quicksands in which many ardent professions of attachment are engulfed. The looker-on proverbially sees a great deal that escapes the notice of the principals, and easily detects the blunders by which the game is lost. When Damon and Pythias, fresh from college, agree to make the grand tour together, some cautious friend of the latter shakes his head, and wonders to himself if it will answer. When, a year hence, they return by different routes, and a permanent coolness ensues, he is at no loss what conclusion to draw. But he profits by the warning, and registers a vow never to travel with a man whose friendship he really values. Many are the problems that are solved for him, as it were, at another's expense: Up to what point advice or criticism may be hazarded, how to avoid the temptation to over-familiarity, on what footing to rest a friendship when the station is unequal, whether a Platonic one is possible between two young persons of different sex—whether the triangular alliance, so popular in Germany, of husband, wife, and friend, can be adapted to English society and its less sentimental view of conjugal life—these are points which, with many more, he discreetly leaves to be decided by the experience of those around him. In this way, not only may the materials for a new treatise *De Amicitia*, but much valuable knowledge of human nature, be acquired.

It is an amiable impulse to wish to make one's friends acquainted with each other. "You must know So and So," people say, speaking of one whom they know intimately to another equally dear. These transmitted friendships are by no means rare, and are sometimes attended with very fortunate results. Many happy marriages, for instance, annually grow out of them. The interest which sisters take in their brothers' friends has a natural tendency to ripen into love. Conversely, brothers often end by marrying their sisters' friends. But as a general rule, it is a mistake to insist on two persons knowing each other, merely because they both happen to know you. One of two things probably happens. Either they don't like each other, which is a disappointment, or they like each other too well, and you soon find yourself sup-  
planted.



From The Spectator, 31 Oct.

# THE CONQUEST OF SOUTHERN ASIA.

Has this country really determined to govern Southern Asia? Because if it has not, it is time that despatches such as those received this week should be studied with the attention which the half-decided public is still so unwilling to bestow. Of that remarkable form of sway which diplomatists call "influence," and which really means only power without responsibility, England can in maritime Asia obtain no more. From Suez to the Yellow Sea she has it already in its most palpable form and to its extreme extent. With a word at Constantinople she can regulate all questions within the Red Sea; the Imam of Muscat is almost her tributary; and all through the Persian Gulf no flag flies save her own. Round the vast Indian coasts, down both shores of the great Sea which we term in derision the "Bay" of Bengal, along the old coast-line of Burmah, down the Malayan Peninsula to the Straits of Singapore, all ancient forms of power have withered under her shadow. There is not even a pirate west of the straits, not a boat whose owner does not look to the viceroy as the one potentate who must not be disregarded. At Saigon there is one hiatus, but otherwise from Suez to Saghalien there is not a port whose governor does not feel that an English consul is his ultimate referee. Throughout that vast section of the world there is not a point save Saigon where a written request from Lord Elgin would not outweigh the requests of all the rest of Europe combined. Within three-fourths of it there is not a point where British authority, in one shape or another, whether diplomatic as in the Red Sea, or direct as in India, or secured by treaty as in Malaya, or built on armed assistance as in China, or supported by 68-pounders as in Japan, is not *acknowledged* to be irresistible. "Influence" can be pushed no farther, and it only remains to decide whether that influence shall become concrete in direct and formal government, whether Japan shall be a British possession, and China a British protectorate on its way to become an acknowledged British dependency.

Every mail develops more clearly the immediate urgency of a decision; every fragment of a letter received proves how rapidly "influence" is crystallizing into dominion. The little note we published last week showed

how completely the local authorities of China begin to depend on their British allies, and this week's despatches explain the process in still minuter detail. The indigenous authority in China is collapsing at every point. The rebels have learned the value of European assistance, and the Mandarins are compelled to rely more and more humbly upon their English allies. Last mail the Imperialists were powerless against Burgevine. This mail Captain Macartney, with only seven hundred drilled Chinese, has wrested from the Taepings a most important town. The very character of the people is changed by the presence of English discipline: and while seven thousand mere Chinese would have run like so many sheep from the rebels, seven hundred charged upon batteries, "swimming the creeks in their eagerness" to succeed. Similarly the Mandarin gunboats, "worth nothing" by themselves, are declared to be all-powerful when aided by Osborne's fleet, and by sea and land the Mandarin has sunk from a ruler into a tolerated assistant. He is not always even this. The irresistible tendency of Englishmen towards efficiency tempts them every moment to set aside the half-efficient native authority, and when the Governor of Ningpo objected nominally to receive some arms, but really to an Anglo-Chinese contingent, its commandant, Major Cooke, threatened to land his munitions by force, and the native petulantly gave way. Even this, however, is not the strongest sign of the vast change now progressing. The American Burgevine, it will be remembered, abandoned the Imperialist side, to the extreme annoyance of his own countrymen as well as of all European consuls. They declared him worthy of death, and the native governor, to whom he stands legally in the relation of an ordinary buccaneer—legal authority springing only from Peking—placed a price upon his head, as we have done with pirates a hundred times. Instantly the whole body of Europeans, with the consuls at their head, sunk all private differences in fierce and combined remonstrance. They themselves had pronounced Burgevine wrong. They themselves admit officially that the Taepings with whom he acts are ordinary rebels. They themselves formally threaten to put him to death if ever he is caught. No matter. He is a "European," and every consul in Shanghai signed a strong remonstrance against his being subjected to

any Chinese authority whatever, and the *Times* correspondent pronounces the Taoutai's proclamation an "iniquity" as against him, and an "impertinence" as against Europe. The Taoutai has for the moment refused to yield, but he will be beaten, for the question involves the supremacy, not of this or that party, but of every European over every Chinaman. Suppose the imperial caste choose to quarrel among themselves, does that give a Chinaman rights in his own country! So Burgevine is not to be arrested, and the only resource of the Imperialist is to fall back on his dreaded allies and beat his scarcely more dreaded opponents in the field. That will be a difficult task, for the crop of European adventurers is endless—ten officers are mentioned in these very letters as having obtained sixty thousand dollars by a single blow—and unless civil war is to continue forever, England must as a Government assume her responsibility and bind all opponents, as in India, not to entertain European allies. Burgevine is becoming in the valley of the Yang-tse as dangerous as Ventura in the valley of the Sutlej. The steps of the route are exactly the same as those we trod in India, and the ultimate introduction of the only direct power which can bid anarchy cease is even more inevitable.

In Japan the process is absolutely identical, though the incidents make a different impression on the imagination. Instead of allowing adventurers to enter the native service, the British Government has entered it itself. The feudal Prince of Satsuma committed an atrocious murder, for which we asked compensation and atonement. The Tycoon conceded the justice of the demand, and granted compensation, but professed inability to secure atonement, and asked the British Government to secure it on his behalf. The British Government agreed, the whole tremendous machinery of civilization was virtually lent to the Tycoon, and England knows now how it has been employed. All that we ventured last week to suppose of horror and atrocity these accounts prove to have been outdone. The British fleet for two days bombarded a mighty city whose inhabitants had done nothing whatever of any kind to offend or injure us. The bombardment, intended, we trust, at first only for the batteries, was in the irritation of combat soon transferred to the town, it was continued for hours after the fire broke out, and ended only with the total

destruction of a city said to contain 180,000 people, and proved to be rich, populous, and vast. The fire, report eye-witnesses, "was over a mile in extent," and of unknown depth. All Saturday night (August 15th) the "factories," "foundries," "junks," all that creates the wealth and the prosperity of Kagosima, were seen to be burning fiercely; but still the shelling went on.

On Sunday the town was on fire, and on Monday at two P.M. the ships at the distance of fourteen miles could still see the huge volumes of smoke rolling up from the conflagration. Imagine the scene *within* that town, the vast Oriental population unable to imagine even the cause of attack, coerced by their prince into abstaining from submission, with their city sending up smoke visible for fourteen miles, with all their houses of wood, and half their walls of paper, striving helplessly to save women and children by scores of thousands at once under the fire of a British fleet. Think for an instant of all the city of London in flames at once, the dockyards going first, and the whole population at once striving in panic-fear and rage to escape flames amidst which engines of irresistible force were perpetually flinging death! And we have done all this because an evil noble in a fit of pride earned hanging by cutting down an unoffending Englishman; have fired, as it were, among a school of children, to repress the insolence of their pedagogue. And we who do it sit and shriek with horror because an American general pours fire into a town defended by men who have injured his country, and who, in all the arts which make military resistance successful, are at least his equals; and because a Russian governor, after an assassination, confiscates one house instead of burning ten thousand.

But one addition was wanting to make the incident complete, and that also has been supplied. The bombardment, morally inexcusable, has been politically a failure. The prince refused to yield, and the squadron steamed away with none of its demands conceded, and a loss of some seventy men, and endless damage to the fleet. Kagosima will be rebuilt again, and already there is a demand for a Sepoy army to march to Miako and extort from the Spiritual Emperor his signature to the treaty which the Temporal Emperor has already signed, and which has produced no result whatever, except the mur-

der of Mr. Richardson and the bombardment of a great city. In other words, we are to shatter down the fabric of Japanese society, as we have already that of Chinese, and then—that is precisely the point at which the English mind stands still. It is conceivable even in a case like that of Kagosima, that if the British people replaces the organization it has crumbled to powder, the world, as a whole, and, in the long run, may be largely gainers. China would undoubtedly benefit by a century of British rule, and even Japan—whose civilization is much more thorough—might be rid of her nobles with great advantage to her people. But is the country

prepared to have three Indias instead of one, to undertake, amid jealous allies and watchful foes, the direct administration of more than half the human race, to find governors for six hundred millions, while it can scarcely discover them for two? If it is not, then its present action in Asia is simply and purely destructive, and involves *ex necessitate rei* a series of incidents hard to distinguish from a series of political crimes. Is it *without* an object that we are to bombard flourishing cities, *without* a policy that we suffer our subjects to assume the dominion over three hundred millions of Chinese?

In a letter from Dr. Petermann to the editor of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, dated Gotha, 30th October, 1863, respecting the fate of the "German Expedition to Inner Africa in search of Dr. Edward Vogel, and having for its object the completion of his African discoveries," the doctor mentions the death of Moriz von Beurmann, who had undertaken to penetrate into the interior of Africa, from Bengasi to Wadai. He was at Kuka in September, 1862, and on the 12th of that month he had intended starting thence for Wadai; but the Sultan of Bornu on the evening before forbade his leaving Kuka, as the borders of the Wadai country were then unsafe. Not to waste his time unprofitably, Herr von Beurmann then determined, instead of proceeding northwards to the Wadai, to explore the countries to the south-west of Kuka, the south-west provinces of Bornu, and the eastern part of Sokoto as far as Jacoba, and returned to Kuka on the 13th of December, much shaken in health. Besides the loss of health, he had to deplore the loss of his horse and three camels, and, in order to raise means to carry out his original plan of proceeding to Wadai, he had to part with most of his arms. On the 6th of last January, after a two days' march towards that land, he wrote to Mr. Reade, the English consul, that two of his servants had robbed and forsaken him, carrying off even his chronometer with them, which had necessitated his return to Kuka, where the Arabian merchant Mohammed Titiwy had provided him with men, money, and provisions, to enable him to renew his journey to Wadai, for which he had given a draft for four hundred and fifty Maria Theresa thalers on Tripoli. He added, by way of postscript, that his failing health would compel him, on reaching Wadai, to take the shortest path to return to Bengasi. A letter from the English Consul-General at Tripoli, dated the 14th August, states that a caravan from Bornu had just

brought written and oral testimony of the death of Moriz von Beurmann; and later intelligence, dated Tripoli, 6th October, confirms the sad tidings, and adds that he was put to death by command of the Sultan of Wadai.

The interest in the Shakspeare monument is spreading in Germany. The three great German Shakspearians—Ulrici, Delius, and Elze—have joined the committee, expressing in the most gratifying terms their approval of the committee's purpose, and their wish to aid in carrying it into execution. Literary preparations are also on foot in Germany to celebrate the Tercentenary worthily. Among others, Mr. Albert Cohn, head of the house of Asher & Co., and well known by his tracking of Shakspeare's influence in early German dramas, and the acting of his plays on the Continent, intends to issue some old plays scarcely known at present, and making the effect of Shakspeare's influence more clear. They will also clear up some dark points with respect to the English comedians who visited Germany in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and through whom Germany first became acquainted with Shakspeare.

MESSES. LONGMAN AND CO. have in a state of great forwardness the edition of the New Testament, of which mention has several times been made in *The Reader*, richly illustrated from missal illustrations of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and from paintings by the Old Masters, the whole engraved on wood under the superintendence of Mr. Henry Shaw. As the first impression is strictly limited to two hundred and fifty copies, this unrivalled specimen of xylographic art will probably bear a premium before the day of publication. The subscription price is ten guineas.

From The Saturday Review.

**VOLTAIRE AND MADAME DU CHATELET.\***

M. HAVARD's little volume would seem to have been published almost for the express purpose of illustrating the old proverb about the hero and his valet. By some means which he does not explain, M. Havard appears to have got possession of a set of notes written by one of Voltaire's servants, on various circumstances which he says he witnessed when in the service of that great man and in that of his "divine Emily," the Marquise Du Chatelet. Of M. Havard we know nothing whatever, and we are therefore unable to say what guarantee his name supplies for the genuine character of the publication. The publication itself comes before us in a questionable shape. The revelations of a confidential servant written more than forty years after the incidents to which they relate, and published seventy years after they profess to have been written, are not the most trustworthy productions in the world, and the first and most natural impulse of a moderately experienced reader is to feel that he has to do with an imposture, whoever the impostor may be. M. Havard is well aware of this, and in his preface he endeavors to show that his book is genuine, and that the MS. which he republishes was really written by a real valet of Voltaire. He admits that he does not know the man's name, though, as he says, he has made every possible inquiry. On the other hand, he says that a number of small allusions to different circumstances in Voltaire's life are confirmed by similar allusions in his published correspondence; and he adds, that he has in his own possession the original MS., which he will be happy to show to any one who will call on him for the purpose of inspecting it. This is all very well as far as it goes, but it would surely have been very easy, and much more satisfactory, to have said, "I received the MS. from such a person, who said he got it from such another person." This, at all events, would have thrown some light on the question why the book is published now, and why it was not published before. Questionable or not, the volume, such as it is, is before the public, and a very odd one it is. It is indeed so odd that it is hard to imagine that any one can

have forged it, and this is perhaps the strongest argument in favor of its authenticity.

The "divine Emily," as Mr. Carlyle generally calls the Marquise Du Chatelet, was, as most people know, the mistress of Voltaire for a considerable number of years before her death, which took place in 1749. In 1746, it was her fortune to take into her service the author of the strange MS. which M. Havard has published—a step which she would probably have avoided if she could have had any notion of the use which he would make of his opportunities of observing her ways. She was, as is well known, one of the most remarkable women of her time. She translated Newton, and she was a very good classical scholar. She was in most other respects highly accomplished, and Voltaire would appear to have been deeply and sincerely attached to her. Her habits of life and her conduct towards him are, if truly reported, some of the most curious illustrations which literature supplies of the ways of the great ladies of that age. The first thing that struck her valet as remarkable was the completeness with which she accepted and acted on the maxim which found favor with the female aristocracy of the time, that a valet was not a man. He was summoned to her room on every occasion with as much indifference as if he had been a mere article of furniture, and he describes what he saw there with a plainness of speech which we cannot imitate. This might have been looked upon as a mere habit of the time, but her morals appear to have been on a level with her manners. In the course of her travels she made acquaintance with a certain M. De St. Lambert, who stayed with her, with Voltaire, and a large party of other distinguished guests at Commercy, where the King of Poland at that time held a sort of country court. St. Lambert, who was young and attractive, became the successful rival of Voltaire, who was so unfortunate as to obtain conclusive evidence of the fact. Hereupon the divine Emily proceeded to argue the question with her veteran lover upon philosophical principles. She told him that it was all for his own good, that he was getting old and worn out, that she could not get on without a lover of some kind or other (a sentiment which she expressed in language which M. Havard declines to reprint), and finally she added, "Had not you rather be supplanted by a friend than by a

\* *Voltaire et Madame Du Chatelet. Revelations d'un Serviteur attache a leurs personnes.* Par D'Albanes Havard. Paris: 1863.

stranger?" To this appeal the meek philosopher replied, "Ah, madame, vous avez toujours raison, mais puisqu'il faut que les choses soient ainsi, du moins que je ne les voie pas devant mes yeux." When the moderation of the request is considered, it must be owned that the force of philosophy could not go much further. Yet it did in this case go one step further. Voltaire wrote congratulatory verses to his rival:—

"St. Lambert, ce n'est que pour toi  
Que ces belles fleurs sont écloses;  
C'est ta main qui cueille les roses,  
Et les épines sont pour moi," etc., etc.

Had the occasion been different, this display of resignation might have been described, not without plausibility, as an almost unexampled stretch of heroism. The most curious part of the story is, that the marquise lost her life by her misconduct. She had a child by St. Lambert, and died in consequence of her confinement. After her death, the author of the present MS. took from her hand a diamond ring which contained a portrait of M. De St. Lambert. Madame De Boufflers took out the portrait, and returned it to St. Lambert himself, and the Marquis Du Chatelet took the ring. Soon afterwards, Voltaire told his valet to take the ring, and get his (Voltaire's) portrait out of it. When told how matters stood, he observed, "I turned out Richelieu—St. Lambert has turned out me; one nail drives another, and each has his turn. This is the way of the world." Notwithstanding his philosophy, he was dreadfully affected by her death. When he got back to Paris, he could not sleep; he used to fancy he saw Madame Du Chatelet, and to wander about, calling her. One night, whilst so employed, he stumbled over some books, had a rather serious fall, and had to be put to bed and nursed by his valet, who feared that he would die. As he got worse and worse, the valet thought it necessary to console him, and certainly the way which he took to do so was about as odd as any other of the strange facts that he relates:—

"As I was much attached to him, and was afraid to lose him, I determined to try to cure him by means of some letters in Madame Du Chatelet's handwriting, which I had collected when her papers were burnt. Luckily I had fallen in with some which singularly abused M. De Voltaire. I told him, therefore, that he was much in the wrong to be so unhappy about the death of a person who did

not love him, Notwithstanding his weakness, he jumped up at this, and said, eagerly, 'What! she did not love me?' 'No,' I answered, 'and I have the proof in my hands.' I then fetched him the three letters which I had, and gave them to him. The reading of these letters struck him dumb for some minutes. He turned pale, he trembled with rage and vexation at having been so long deceived by a person whom he thought incapable of it; at last he made up his mind, and became calm. He then said, with a sigh, 'She deceived me; who would have thought it?' From this moment he called her no more at night, and by degrees regained his health and his common way of life, which pleased all his friends, who despaired of him."

Considering what Voltaire knew at the time as to her relations with St. Lambert, it is hard to say whether his passionate grief at her death, or the ease with which he consoled himself, is the most singular. As M. Havard well remarks, it is a pity that the witness of this odd scene did not think it worth while to keep a copy of the letters which turned out so consolatory.

One of the most singular stories in the book relates to a visit of Voltaire and Madame Du Chatelet to Fontainebleau. Madame Du Chatelet took with her four hundred louis, and Voltaire took with him two hundred. Madame Du Chatelet played at the queen's table; and having lost all her own money, and all Voltaire's, and all that she could raise from her steward at Paris, she went on playing on credit till she lost 84,000 livres, or between £3,000 and £4,000. Upon this, Voltaire told her, in English, that she was playing with sharpers. His words were understood, and reported to those whom they concerned; upon which she and he determined instantly to take flight, by way of saving their lives, or rather his life. They did it so quickly that they did not even pack up their boxes, and they betook themselves to Sceaux with as much secrecy as if they had been criminals flying from justice. "M De Voltaire," says his valet, "remained unknown for more than two months in this asylum." Madame Du Chatelet in the mean time set to work to repair her losses. The farms of the revenue were then being renewed, and she contrived to get a nomination for half the share of a farmer-general. By selling this, and getting her creditor to take 24,000 livres instead of 84,000, she contrived to get clear of her difficulties. She



also found means—the memoir writer does not seem to know what they were—to satisfy the people for fear of whom Voltaire had hidden himself at Sceaux.

These are the most characteristic stories in the book. It contains others, of which some are simply amusing, and one or two altogether unfit for general perusal. The same, indeed, may be said of particular parts of those of which we have given the outline. M. Havard, on the whole, deals very sensibly with this matter. He prefixes short notices to each of the detached stories of which the book is made up; and whenever the article to be published contains indecent matter, he says so in so many words. It is thus the fault of the reader if he or she reads what is offensive. Assuming the book to be genuine, it was worth while to publish it; and

if it was to be published at all, it was worth while to publish it *in extenso*, for it gives us some vivid glimpses of a state of society which has produced striking effects on our own generation, and yet has passed away as completely as the Middle Ages. Hardly any literary or historical problem is more curious, or even more important, than the question, what did Voltaire teach mankind? How far has he influenced his successors for good? This problem can hardly be solved, or even stated in a satisfactory way, unless we know what kind of a man he was, and in what sort of society he lived; and on this such a publication as M. Havard's undoubtedly throws a light too valuable to be extinguished, though it is certainly not one of which the contemplation can be recommended to every eye.

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"BABY WORLDS." An Essay on the Nascent Members of our Solar Household. By Johannes von Gumpach. (Dulau and Co.)—After exposing the pride of astronomy and the still greater pride of analysis,—the base pride of human conceit,—the author proceeds to a scathing exposure of the ignorance of astronomers as to the true nature of comets and the ridiculous inconsistency of their various theories. The reader's mind being thus prepared, he develops the true theory. "Life is motion and motion change. God is a living God; his spirit pervades the Universe. Hence the Universe has life." On the same principle the heavenly bodies generally are alive, and especially the Earth. "Does not the Earth produce life? . . . That which has no life can give no life; and that which gives life must have life." It is not, of course, the same "mode of life" as that of "minor and altogether differently organized individualities," but it is life. Therefore, heavenly bodies must, arguing from analogy, be born, grow, decay, and die. Now comes the question, what are comets? Are they a peculiar order of animals? They change and fluctuate—they seem to develop and decay—and "analogy forbids us to impute their general, though steady, yet very eccentric conduct to worlds of a mature age and a settled course of life." We are thus driven to the conclusion that they are either nascent or expiring planets—baby worlds or worlds in their dotage. Mr. von Gumpach leans to the opinion that their eccentricity is to be attributed not to the faltering steps of age but the giddiness of youth. Still they cannot be so young as to be incapable of marriage;

for the famous comet of Biela gave birth to an infant before the astonished eyes of the astronomers in December, 1845. This fact lets us into the reason of their existence. They are to supply the place of the worlds which die,—or, in other words, of the temporary stars. We are happy to assure mankind that they may also abandon all fear of being run over by a comet. That notion is founded on the expiring theory of gravitation. "The real mode of action of the heavenly bodies upon each other is that of *mutual repulsion through the medium of material space*. Thus the waves of space produced by that action meet only, if they meet at all, at vast distances from the bodies; and even in those assumed cases of very close approach, their *difference*, as acting upon the body of inferior velocity and volume combined, will either not be sufficient to disturb its atmosphere to any extent, or else it will be sufficient by a moderate pressure upon that atmosphere to cause the body itself, having no mass or cosmical gravity, to swerve out of its path; so that a collision, or a disastrous effect of even the very closest approach, becomes a matter of *impossibility*." This is comforting, and Mr. von Gumpach is obviously either a greater than Newton, or else—insane.—*Spectator*.

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An important historical contribution to some of the "burning questions" of the day is about to appear within a week or so, entitled "Le Congrès de Vienne et les Traités de 1815, précédés et suivis des actes diplomatiques qui s'y rattachent;" 2 vols. of 2500 pages.

From The Spectator.

## THE MOTHER OF NAPOLEON III.\*

Of few persons who made themselves conspicuous in the period of the First Empire has there been so much talked and written as of Queen Hortense, and of few persons is there really known so little. Enthusiastic admirers on the one hand, and scandal-mongers on the other, have done their best and their worst to disfigure the portrait of Napoleon's step-daughter, so that it has become quite impossible to distinguish the features for very profusion of color. To the long list of limners a new name has just been added. M. Bernard-Derosne, the last biographer of Hortense Beauharnais, is not a great artist in his way, having too deep an attachment for the literary pastepot and scissors; nevertheless, his work has an interest of its own as the most modern offshoot of Napoleonic ideas. Whether M. Bernard-Derosne has written it under direct inspiration from the Tuileries, or merely beneath the wofeful influence of the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, cannot be gathered from the work, as it has no preface, nor even so much as a foot-note through the whole of its four hundred and sixty-six pages; nevertheless, it bears internal evidence of being composed with the most distinct purpose of giving satisfaction to the powers that are. Queen Hortense is painted like an angel, and the inference is not only hinted at, but openly deduced, that her son must be clearly angelic in his nature. M. Bernard-Derosne dwells with visible satisfaction on the celebrated speech of the prefect of Arras, "God created Bonaparte and then rested."—"Would to heaven God had rested a little sooner!" remarked Count Louis of Narbonne.

The chief object of M. Bernard-Derosne's book seems to be that of proving that Queen Hortense was the most perfect being in female shape that ever lived. To carry out this task, he does valiant battle against all who have wronged the memory of the fair Beauharnais. One of the many accusations against her, it is well known, was that she was not faithful to her husband. At the time she bore her first child, a report, originating in the anti-Bonapartist salons of France, went the round of the English press, to the effect that not the husband but the step-father ought to claim paternal rights.

\* *Memoires sur la Reine Hortense, Mere de Napoleon III.* Par Ch. Bernard-Derosne. Paris : Dupré de la Maherie. London : Dulau and Co.

Against this assertion, repeated by Alphonse de Beauchamp in the "Memoirs of Fouché," the author writes passionately, though he brings no other witnesses into the field to deny the alleged fact than Bourrienne, who, however, was prejudiced against Napoleon. The testimony of the latter does not go further than to a negative statement; namely, that he, Bourrienne, did not see any improprieties between Napoleon and his step-daughter. It does not explain, nor does the reasoning of M. Bernard-Derosne, the old libel that the emperor was so passionately fond of Hortense's first child as to sacrifice whole days to its amusement. His earnest wish was entirely to adopt the boy as his own son, and he would have done so, had it not been for the persevering resistance of his brother Louis, Hortense's husband, who for once in his life showed some degree of energy. Equally unexplained with this fact is the deep dislike, amounting almost to hatred, which Louis bore to his wife through the whole of their matrimonial career. Louis otherwise was a most kind-hearted and amiable man—the most genial, perhaps, of all the brothers of Napoleon—and the fact of his having many tastes in common with Hortense, such as the love of music, of painting, and the cultivation of the fine arts in general, should have proved a strong mutual attraction, even in the absence of first love. That, in spite of all this, Louis Bonaparte disliked his consort to a degree approaching thorough aversion, appears, perhaps, exceedingly strange. It is unnecessary to say that it by no means implies any guilt in Queen Hortense; but it is a fact which ought to be explained by an admiring biographer. However, M. Bernard-Derosne gives no explanation, but only brings forward his one negative witness in the not very keen-eyed Bourrienne. This testimony leaves the evidence just where it stood before, and does not in the least elucidate the mystery of the long matrimonial strife, intermixed with scarce a day of peace, of the King of Holland and his consort.

The episode of the death of her eldest son, one of the most touching in the life of Queen Hortense, is scarcely alluded to by her biographer. The child, nearly four years old, and, according to the account of all contemporary writers, strikingly like the emperor, not only in face and figure, but even in his manner of speech and little boyish actions, had fallen ill of the croup when in Holland,

and his anxious mother nursed him night and day, not allowing him to leave her arms. When, after long suffering, he died in her lap, she almost lost her reason, and, in a paroxysm of grief, exhausted her very soul in wild and piercing shrieks, continued for days. To calm her, the attendants had to give the dead boy back to her arms, when at last the long pent-up tears found way, and the flowing grief restored her to herself. The emperor, too, wept bitterly when he heard of the death of little Charles Napoleon; but Hortense's husband showed little emotion. "He aimed at becoming completely a Dutchman among the Dutch," says M. Bernard-Derosne.

The birth of the third son of Queen Hortense is mentioned in a somewhat mysterious manner by the author. We are informed that for a long time previous the King of Holland had ceased all intercourse with his consort, and it is more than hinted at that he looked upon the new increase of his family with greater suspicion than ever, startled by the songs chanted under his window at Brussels:—

"Le Roi de Hollande  
Fait la contrebande,  
Et sa femme  
Fait de faux Louis."

Though anxious to prove the legitimacy of the eldest son of Hortense, the biographer has not the same solicitude in regard to the third child, Louis Napoleon, the present Emperor of the French. The imagination of M. Bernard-Derosne discovers strongly pronounced "Napoleonic features" in young Prince Louis, and a striking resemblance to the most characteristic mental traits of the emperor. Consequently, Bourrienne is no more appealed to for his negative testimony; but it is signalled as a comprehensive fact that Louis Napoleon was "born at the Tuileries, the residence of the emperor," some ten or eleven months after the final separation of his parents. Were the pure Napoleonic enthusiasm of Hortense's biographer not visible on every page of his book, one might be inclined to take him for a capped enemy in thus endorsing the sneer of Victor Hugo about the present emperor. The latter, in "Napoleon le Petit," speaks of him as "the son of Hortense Beauharnais, married by Napoleon to Louis, King of Holland." The insinuation, meant as a slur upon the name of the ruler of France, seems to have been taken up by some very exalted Bonapartists as a homage to Napoleon III. Legitimate birth, as is well known, is not valued very highly by the modern Gauls, among whom Alexander Dumas's dogma, that all great men were bastards, has gained extensive ad-

miration. If it could be shown, therefore, that the youngest son of Queen Hortense could claim more illustrious paternity than that of Louis Bonaparte, it might really prove a gain of *prestige* to the new imperial family, and assist in securing the dynasty upon the throne. So, at least, thinks M. Bernard-Derosne, and, probably, not a few ultra-Bonapartists with him. They abhor M. Schoelcher for writing, "M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte n'a pas une goutte du sang Napoléon dans ses veines; il est le fils de l'amiral hollandais Verhuel;" but they coquet with the softer insinuation of illegitimacy of the author of the "Misérables."

A description of the wanderings of the Napoleonic idea through Europe, in the person of Queen Hortense and her youngest son, fills the whole of the latter half of M. Bernard-Derosne's book. No new facts whatever are given, and the whole is the merest paste-and-scissors work, enlivened only by a little sparkling antipathy against Orleanists, Legitimists, and all other French "ists," except Bonapartists. Poor Louis Philippe is severely handled for not permitting Queen Hortense to reside in France when she made the personal request in 1831; and, more than that, for refusing the modest demand of Louis Napoleon to enter the French army. Whether a similar demand on the part of any of the Orleans princes, or of the Duke de Bordeaux, would have great chances of success at the present moment, M. Bernard-Derosne does not say. But while the biographer of Queen Hortense is full of virtuous indignation for what he deems extreme proceedings of harshness and tyranny on the part of the Citizen King, he has not one word of praise for his merciful act in sparing the life of Louis Napoleon, justly forfeited by the attempt of insurrection at Strasbourg in 1836. Singular enough, this important phase in the career of Queen Hortense's son is not alluded to even in a single word by M. Bernard-Derosne. To read his book one must come to the conclusion that the whole story of the march upon the Barracks of Strasbourg, the presentation of the wooden eagle, the non-recognition of the "Napoleonic features" by the soldiers, and the final Donnybrook scuffle, is a mere fable, invented by the enemies of the imperial cause. The biographer is not aware that Louis Napoleon ever left his mother at her peaceful abode at Arenenberg; where she at last closed her eyes, in October, 1837, "et alla rejoindre dans un monde meilleur Napoléon et Joséphine." That the husband, too, might be found "dans un monde meilleur," is evidently not expected by the author. Queen Hortense's last words were for her son. "Happy son," M. Bernard-Derosne cries. "to have such a mother! thrice happy mother to have such a son!"

From The North British Review.

*Pet Marjorie: A Story of Child Life Fifty Years ago.* Edinburgh, 1858.

ONE November afternoon in 1810—the year in which *Waverley* was resumed and laid aside again, to be finished off, its last two volumes in three weeks, and made immortal in 1814, and when its author, by the death of Lord Melville, narrowly escaped getting a civil appointment in India—three men evidently lawyers, might have been seen escaping like school-boys from the Parliament House, and speeding arm in arm down Bank Street and the Mound, in the teeth of a surly blast of sleet.

The three friends sought the *bield* of the low wall old Edinburgh boys remember well, and sometimes miss now, as they struggle with the stout west wind.

The three were curiously unlike each other. One, “a little man of feeble make, who would be unhappy if his pony got beyond a foot pace,” slight, with “small, elegant features, hectic cheek, and soft hazel eyes, the index of the quick, sensitive spirit within, as if he had the warm heart of a woman, her genuine enthusiasm, and some of her weaknesses.” Another, as unlike a woman as a man can be; homely, almost common, in look and figure: his hat and his coat, and indeed his entire covering, worn to the quick, but all of the best material; what redeemed him from vulgarity and meanness, were his eyes, deep set, heavily thatched, keen, hungry, shrewd, with a slumbering glow far in, as if they could be dangerous; a man to care nothing for at first glance, but somehow, to give a second and not-forgetting look at. The third was the biggest of the three, and though lame, nimble and all rough and alive with power; had you met him anywhere else, you would say he was a Liddesdale store-farmer, come of gentle blood; “a stout, blunt carle,” as he says of himself, with the swing and stride and the eye of a man of the hills—a large, sunny, out-of-door air all about him. On his broad and somewhat stooping shoulders, was set that head which, with Shakespeare’s and Bonaparte’s, is the best known in all the world.

He was in high spirits, keeping his companions and himself in roars of laughter, and every now and then seizing them, and stopping, that they might take their fill of the fun; there they stood shaking with laughter, “not an inch of their body free” from its

grip. At George Street they parted, one to Rose Court, behind St. Andrew’s Church, one to Albany Street, the other, our big and limping friend, to Castle Street.

We need hardly give their names. The first was William Erskine, afterwards Lord Kinnedder, chased out of the world by a calumny, killed by its foul breath,—

“And at the touch of wrong, without a strife,  
Slipped in a moment out of life.”

There is nothing in literature more beautiful or more pathetic than Scott’s love and sorrow for this friend of his youth.

The second was William Clerk,—the *Darrie Latimer of Redgauntlet*; “a man,” as Scott says, “of the most acute intellects and powerful apprehension,” but of more powerful indolence, so as to leave the world with little more than the report of what he might have been,—a humorist as genuine, though not quite so savagely Swiftian as his brother Lord Eldin, neither of whom had much of that commonest and best of all the humors, called good.

The third we all know. What has he not done for every one of us? Who else ever, except Shakspeare, so diverted mankind, entertained and entertains a world so liberally, so wholesomely? We are fain to say, not even Shakspeare, for his is something deeper than diversion, something higher than pleasure, and yet who would care to split this hair.

Had any one watched him closely before and after the parting, what a change he would see! The bright, broad laugh, the shrewd, jovial word, the man of the Parliament House and of the world; and next step, moody, the light of his eye withdrawn, as if seeing things that were invisible; his shut mouth, like a child’s, so impressionable, so innocent, so sad; he was now all within as before he was all without; hence his brooding look. As the snow blattered in his face, he muttered, “How it raves and drifts! On-ding o’ snaw—ay, that’s the word—on-ding —.” He was now at his own door, “Castle Street, No. 39.” He opened the door and went straight to his den, that wondrous workshop, where, in one year, 1823, when he was fifty-two, he wrote “Peveril of the Peak, Quentin Durward, and St. Ronan’s Well,” besides much else. We once took the foremost of our novelists, the greatest, we would say, since Scott, into this room, and could not but

mark the solemnizing effect of sitting where the great magician sat so often and so long, and looking out upon that little shabby bit of sky and that back green where faithful Camp lies.\*

He sat down in his large green morocco elbow-chair, drew himself close to his table, and glowered and gloomed at his writing apparatus, "a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink-bottles, taper-stand, etc., in silver, the whole in such order, that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before." He took out his paper, then starting up angrily, said, "'Go spin, you jade, go spin.' No, d— it, it wont do,—

"My spinnin' wheel is auld and stiff,  
The rock o't wunna stand, sir,  
To keep the temper-pin in tiff  
Employs ower aft my hand, sir."

I am off the fang.† I can make nothing of Waverley to-day; I'll awa' to Marjorie. Come wi' me, Maida, you thief." The great creature rose slowly, and the pair were off, Scott taking a *maud* (a plaid) with him. "White as a frosted plum-cake, by jingo!" said he, when he got to the street. Maida gambolled and whisked among the snow, and his master strode across to Young Street, and through it to 1 North Charlotte Street, to the house of his dear friend, Mrs. William Keith of Corstorphine Hill, niece of Mrs. Keith of Ravelston, of whom he said at her death eight years after, "Much tradition, and that of the best, has died with this excellent old lady, one of the few persons whose spirits and cleanliness and freshness of mind and body made old age lovely and desirable."

Sir Walter was in that house almost every day, and had a key, so in he and the hound went, shaking themselves in the lobby. "Marjorie! Marjorie!" shouted her friend, "where are ye, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?" In a moment a bright, eager child of seven was in his arms, and he was kissing

\* This favorite dog "died about January, 1809, and was buried in a fine moonlight night in the little garden behind the house in Castle Street. My wife tells me she remembers the whole family in tears about the grave as her father himself smoothed the turf above Camp, with the saddest face she had ever seen. He had been engaged to dine abroad that day, but apologized, on account of the death of 'a dear old friend.'"—Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

† Applied to a pump when it is dry, and its valve has lost its "fang;" from the German *fangen*, to hold.

her all over. Out came Mrs. Keith: "Come yer ways in, Wattie." "No, not now. I am going to take Marjorie wi' me, and you may come to your tea in Duncan Roy's sedan, and bring the bairn home in your lap." "Tak' Marjorie, and it *on-ding o' snaw!*" said Mrs. Keith. He said to himself, "On-ding—that's odd—that is the very word." "Hoot, awa! look here," and he displayed the corner of his plaid made to hold lambs—(the true shepherd's plaid, consisting of two breadths sewed together, and uncut at one end, making a poke or *cul de sac*). "Tak' yer lamb," said she, laughing at the contrivance, and so the Pet was first well happit up, and then put, laughing silently, into the plaid neuk, and the shepherd strode off with his lamb,—Maida gambolling through the snow, and running races in her mirth.

Didn't he face "the angry airt," and make her bield his bosom, and into his own room with her, and lock the door, and out with the warm, rosy, little wife, who took it all with great composure! There the two remained for three or more hours, making the house ring with their laughter; you can fancy the big man's and Maidie's laugh. Having made the fire cheery, he set her down in his ample chair, and standing sheepishly before her, began to say his lesson, which happened to be—"Ziccotty, diccotty, dock, the mouse ran up the clock, the clock struck wan, down the mouse ran, ziccotty, diccotty, dock." This done repeatedly till she was pleased, she gave him his new lesson, gravely and slowly, timing it upon her small fingers,—he saying it after her,—

"Wonery, twoery, tickery, seven;  
Alibi, crackaby, ten, and eleven;  
Pin, pan, musky, dan;  
Tweedle-um, twoddle-um,  
Twenty-wan; eerie, orie, ourie,  
You, are, out."

He pretended to great difficulty, and she rebuked him with most comical gravity, treating him as a child. He used to say that when he came to Alibi Crackaby he broke down, and Pin-Pan, Musky-Dan, Tweedle-um Twoddle-um made him roar with laughter. He said *Musky-Dan* especially was beyond endurance, bringing up an Irishman and his hat fresh from the Spice Islands and odoriferous Ind; she getting quite bitter in her displeasure at his ill behavior and stupidity.



Then he would read ballads to her in his own glorious way, the two getting wild with excitement over *Gil Morrice* or the *Baron of Smailholm*; and he would take her on his knee, and make her repeat Constance's speeches in *King John*, till he swayed to and fro, sobbing his fill. Fancy the gifted little creature, like one possessed, repeating—

"For I am sick, and capable of fears,  
Oppressed with wrong, and therefore, full of fears;  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;  
A woman, naturally born to fears."

"If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim,  
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious—"

Or drawing herself up "to the height of her great argument"—

"I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,  
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.  
Here I and sorrow sit."

Scott used to say that he was amazed at her power over him, saying to Mrs. Keith, "She's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does."

Thanks to the little book whose title heads this paper—and thanks still more to the unforgetting sister of this dear child, who has much of the sensibility and fun of her who has been in her small grave these fifty and more years, we have now before us the letters and journals of Pet Marjorie—before us lies and gleams her rich brown hair, bright and sunny as if yesterday's, with the words on the paper, "Cut out in her last illness," and two pictures of her by her beloved Isabella, whom she worshipped; there are the faded old scraps of paper, hoarded still, over which her warm breath and her warm little heart had poured themselves; there is the old water-mark, "Lingard, 1808." The two portraits are very like each other, but plainly done at different times: it is a chubby, healthy face, deep-set, brooding eyes, as eager to tell what is going on within, as to gather in all the glories from without; quick with the wonder and the pride of life; they are eyes that would not be soon satisfied with seeing; eyes that would devour their object, and yet childlike and fearless; and that is a mouth that will not be soon satisfied with love; it has a curious likeness to Scott's own, which has always appeared to us his sweetest, most mobile and speaking feature.

There she is, looking straight at us as she did at him—fearless and full of love, passionate, wild, wilful, fancy's child. One cannot look at it without thinking of Wordsworth's lines on poor Hartley Coleridge:—

"O blessed vision, happy child!  
Thou art so exquisitely wild,  
I thought of thee with many fears,  
Of what might be thy lot in future years.  
I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,  
Lord of thy house and hospitality;  
And Grief, uneasy lover! ne'er at rest,  
But when she sat within the touch of thee.  
O too industrious folly!  
O vain and causeless melancholy!  
Nature will either end thee quite,  
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,  
Preserve for thee by individual right,  
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flock."

And we can imagine Scott, when holding his warm, plump little playfellow, in his arms, repeating that stately friend's lines—

"Loving she is, and tractable, though wild,  
And Innocence hath privilege in her,  
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes,  
And feats of cunning; and the pretty round  
Of trespasses, affected to provoke  
Mock chastisement and partnership in play.  
And, as a fagot sparkles on the hearth,  
Not less if unattended and alone,  
Than when both young and old sit gathered round,  
And take delight in its activity,  
Even so this happy creature of herself  
Is all-sufficient; solitude to her  
Is blithe society; she fills the air  
With gladness and involuntary songs."

But we will let her disclose herself. We need hardly say that all this is true, and that these letters are as really Marjorie's as was this light brown hair; indeed you could as easily fabricate the one as the other.

There was an old servant—Jeanie Robertson—who was forty years in her grandfather's family. Marjorie Fleming, or, as she is called in the letters, and by Sir Walter, Maidie, was the last child she kept. Jeanie's wages never exceeded £3 a year, and, when she left service, she had saved £40. She was devotedly attached to Maidie, rather despising and ill-using her sister Isabella—a beautiful and gentle child. This partiality made Maidie apt at times to domineer over Isabella. "I mention this" (writes her surviving sister) "for the purpose of telling you an instance of Maidie's generous justice. When only five years old—when walking in Raith grounds, the two children had run on

before, and old Jeanie remembered they might come too near a dangerous mill-lade. She called to them to turn back. Maidie heeded her not, rushed all the faster on, and fell, and would have been lost, had her sister not pulled her back, saving her life, but tearing her clothes. Jeanie flew on Isabella to 'give it her' for spoiling her favorite's dress; Maidie rushed in between crying out, 'Pay (whip) Maidie as much as you like, and I'll not say one word; but touch Isy, and I'll roar like a bull!' Years after Maidie was resting in her grave, my mother used to take me to the place, and told the story always in the exact same words." This Jeanie must have been a character. She took great pride in exhibiting Maidie's brother William's Calvinistic acquirements when nineteen months old, to the officers of a militia regiment then quartered in Kirkcaldy. This performance was so amusing that it was often repeated, and the little theologian was presented by them with a cap and feathers. Jeanie's glory was "putting him through the carritch" (catechism) in broad Scotch, beginning at the beginning with "Wha made ye, ma bonnie man?" For the correctness of this and the three next replies Jeanie had no anxiety, but the tone changed to menace, and the closed *nieve* (fist) was shaken in the child's face as she demanded, "Of what are you made?" "DIRT" was the answer uniformly given. "Will ye never learn to say *dust*, ye thrawn deevil?" with a cuff from the opened hand, was the as inevitable rejoinder.

Here is Maidie's first letter, before she was six. The spelling unaltered, and there are "no commoes."

"My DEAR ISA,—I now sit down to answer all your kind and beloved letters which you was so good as to write to me. This is the first time I ever wrote a letter in my Life. There are a great many Girls in the Square and they cry just like a pig when we are under the painfull necessity of putting it to Death. Miss Potune a Lady of my acquaintance praises me dreadfully. I repeated something out of Dean Swift, and she said I was fit for the stage, and you may think I was primmed up with majestick Pride, but upon my word I felt myselte tarn a little birsay—birsay is a word which is a word that William composed which is as you may suppose a little enraged. This horrid fat simpliton says that my Aunt is beautifull which is intirely impossible for that is not her nature."

What a peppery little pen we wield!

What could that have been out of the Sardonian Dean? what other child of that age would have used "beloved" as she does. This power of affection, this faculty of *beloving*, and wild hunger to be beloved, comes out more and more. She perilled her all upon it; and it may have been as well—we know, indeed that it was far better—for her that this wealth of love was so soon withdrawn to its one only infinite Giver and Receiver. This must have been the law of her earthly life. Love was, indeed, "her Lord and King;" and it was perhaps well for her that she found so soon that her and our only Lord and King, himself is Love.

Here are bits from her Diary at Breahead: "The day of my existence here has been delightful and enchanting. On Saturday I expected no less than three well-made Bucks the names of whom is here advertised. Mr. Geo. Crakey (Craigie) and Wm. Keith and Jn. Keith—the first is the funniest of every one of them. Mr. Crakey and walked to Crakyhall (Craigiehall) hand in hand in Innocent and matitation (meditation) sweet thinking on the kind love which flows in our tender hearted mind which is overflowing with majestic pleasure no one was ever so polite to me in the hole state of my existence. Mr. Craky you must know is a great Buck and pretty good-looking.

"I am at Ravelston enjoying nature's fresh air. The birds are singing sweetly—the calf doth frisk and nature shows her glorious face."

Here is a confession: "I confess I have been very more like a little young devil than a creature for when Isabella went up stairs to teach me religion and my multiplication and to be good and all my other lessons. I stamped with my foot and threw my new hat which she had made on the ground and was sulky and was dreadfully passionate, but she never whiped me but said Marjory go into another room and think what a great crime you are committing letting your temper git the better of you. But I went so sulkily that the Devil got the better of me but she never never never whips me so that I think I would be the better of it and the next time that I behave ill I think she should do it for she never never does it. . . . Isabella has given me praise for checking my temper for I was sulky even when she was kneeling an hole hour teaching me to write."

Our poor little wife, *she* has no doubts of the personality of the Devil! "Yesterday I behave extremely ill in God's most holy church for I would never attend myself nor let Isabella attend which was a great crime for she often, often tells me that when to or three are gathered together God is in the midst of them, and it was the very same Devil that tempted Job that tempted me I am sure; but he resisted Satan though he had boils and many many other misfortunes which I have escaped. . . . I am now going to tell you the horrible and wretched plague (plague) that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive it the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself cant endure."

This is delicious; and what harm is there in her "Devilish"? it is strong language merely; even old Rowland Hill used to say "he grudged the Devil those rough and ready words." "I walked to that delightful place Crakylhall with a delightful young man beloved by all his friends espacially by me his loveress, but I must not talk any more about him for Isa said it is not proper for to speak of gentalmen but I will never forget him! . . . I am very very glad that satan has not given me boils and many other misfortunes—In the holy bible these words are written that the Devil goes like a roaring lyon in search of his pray but the lord lets us escape from him but we" (*pauvre petite!*) "do not strive with this awfull Spirit. . . . To-day I pronounced a word which should never come out of a lady's lips it was that I called John a Impudent Bitch. I will tell you what I think made me in so bad a humour is I got one or two of that bad bad sina (*senna*) to-day,"—a better excuse for bad humor and bad language than most.

She has been reading the Book of Esther; "It was a dreadful thing that Haman was hanged on the very gallows which he had prepared for Mordeca to hang him and his ten sons thereon and it was very wrong and cruel to hang his sons for they did not commit the crime; *but then Jesus was not then come to teach us to be merciful.*" This is wise and beautiful—has upon it the very dew of youth and of holiness. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He perfects His praise.

"This is Saturday and I am very glad of it because I have play half the Day and I get money too but alas I owe Isabella 4 pence

for I am finned 2 pence whenever I bite my nails. Isabella is teaching me to make simme colings nots of interrigations peorids commoes, etc. . . . As this is Sunday I will meditate upon Senciable and Religious subjects. First I should be very thankful I am not a begger."

This amount of meditation and thankfulness seems to have been all she was able for.

"I am going to-morrow to a delightfull place, Braehead by name, belonging to Mrs. Crraford, where there is ducks cocks hens bubblyjocks 2 dogs 2 cats and swine which is delightfull. I think it is shocking to think that the dog and cat should bear them" (this is a meditation physiological), "and they are drowned after all. I would rather have a man-dog than a woman-dog, because they do not bear like women-dogs; it is a hard case—it is shocking. I cam here to enjoy natures delightfull breath it is sweeter than a flial (phial) of rose oil."

Braehead is the farm the historical Jock Howison asked and got from our gay James the Fifth, "the gudeman of Ballengiech," as a reward for the services of his flail when the king had the worst of it at Cramond Brig with the gypsies. The farm is unchanged in size from that time, and still in the unbroken line of the ready and victorious thrasher. Braehead is held on the condition of the possessor being ready to present the king with a ewer and basin to wash his hands, Jock having done this for his unknown king after the *splore*, and when George the Fourth came to Edinburgh this ceremony was performed in silver at Holyrood. It is a lovely neuk this Braehead, preserved almost as it was two hundred years ago. "Lot and his wife," mentioned by Maidie,—two quaintly cropped yew-trees,—still thrive, the burn runs as it did in her time, and sings the same quiet tune—as much the same and as different as *Now* and *Then*. The house full of old family relics and pictures, the sun shining on them through the small deep windows with their plate glass; and there, blinking at the sun, and chattering contentedly, is a parrot, that might, for its looks of eld, have been in the ark, and domineered over and *deaved* the dove. Everything about the place is old and fresh.

This is beautiful: "I am very sorry to say that I forgot God—that is to say I forgot to pray to-day and Isabella told me that I should be thankful that God did not forget me—if he did, O what become of me if I

was in danger and God not friends with me—I must go to unquenchable fire and if I was tempted to sin—how could I resist it O no I will never do it again—no no—if I can help it.” (Canny wee wife!) “My religion is greatly falling off because I don’t pray with so much attention when I am saying my prayers, and my charecter is lost among the Braehead people. I hope I will be religious again—but as for regaining my charecter I despare for it.” (Poor little “habit and repute”)!

Her temper, her passion, and her “badness” are almost daily confessed and deplored: “I will never again trust to my own power, for I see that I cannot be good without God’s assistance—I will not trust in my own self, and Isa’s health will be quite ruined by me—it will indeed.” “Isa has giving me advice, which is, that when I feel Satan beginning to tempt me, that I flea him and he would flea me.” “Remorse is the worst thing to bear, and I am afraid that I will fall a marter to it.”

Poor dear little sinner!—Here comes the world again: “In my travels I met with a handsome lad named Charles Balfour Esq., and from him I got offers of marage—offers of marage, did I say? Nay plenty heard me.” A fine scent for “breach of promise!”

This is abrupt and strong: “The Devil is curced and all works. ’Tis a fine work *Newton on the profecies*. I wonder if there is another book of poems comes near the Bible. The Devil always girns at the sight of the Bible.” “Miss Potune” (her “simpliton” friend) “is very fat; she pretends to be very learned. She says she saw a stone that dropt from the skies; but she is a good Christian.” Here comes her views on church government: “An Annibablist is a thing I am not a member of—I am a Pislekan (Episcopalian) just now, and,” (O you little Laodicean and Latitudinarian!) “a Prisbeteran at Kirkcaldy!”—(*Blandula! Vagula! cælum et animum mutas quæ trans mare* (i.e., *trans Bodotriam*)-*curris!*)—“my native town.”

“Sentiment is not what I am acquainted with as yet, though I wish it, and should like to practice it” (!) “I wish I had a great, great deal of gratitude in my heart, in all my body.” “There’s a new novel published, name *Self-Control*” (Mrs. Brunton’s—“a very good maxim forsooth!” This is shocking: “Yesterday a marrade man, named Mr. John

Balfour, Esq., offered to kiss me, and offered to marry me, though the man” (a fine directness this!) “was espused, and his wife was present and said he must ask her permission; but he did not. I think he was ashamed and confounded before 3 gentelman—Mr Jobson and 2 Mr. Kings.” Mr. Bannester’s” (Bannister’s) “Budget is to-night; I hope it will be a good one. A great many authors have expressed themselves too sentimentally.” You are right, Marjorie. “A Mr. Burns writes a beautiful song on Mr. Cunhaming, whose wife deserted him—truly it is a most beautiful one.” “I like to read the Fabulous historys, about the historys of Robin, Dickey, flapsay, and Peccay, and it is very amusing, for some were good birds and others bad, but Peccay was the most dutiful and obedient to her parients.” “Thompson is a beautiful author, and Pope, but nothing to Shakespear, of which I have a little knolege. *Macbeth* is a pretty composition, but awful one.” “The *Newgate Calender* is very instructive” (!) “A sailor called here to say farewell; it must be dreadful to leave his native country when he might get a wife; or perhaps me, for I love him very much. But O I forgot, Isabella forbid me to speak about love.” This antiphlogistic regimen and lesson is ill to learn by our Maidie, for here she sins again: “Love is a very papithatick thing” (it is almost a pity to correct this into pathetic), “as well as troublesome and tiresome—but O Isabella forbid me to speak of it.” Here are her reflections on a pine-apple: “I think the price of a pine-apple is very dear; it is a whole bright goulden guinea, that might have sustained a poor family.” Here is a new vernal simile:—“The hedges are sprouting like chicks from the eggs when they are newly hatched or, as the vulgar say, *clacked*.” “Doctor Swift’s works are very funny; I got some of them by heart.” “Moreheads sermons are I hear much praised but I never read sermons of any kind; but I read novelettes and my Bible, and I never forget it, or my prayers.” Bravo, Marjorie!

She seems now, when still about six, to have broken out into song:—

“EPHIBOL (EPIGRAM OR EPITAPH—WHO KNOWS WHICH?) ON MY DEAR LOVE ISABELLA.”

“Here lies sweet Isabell in bed,  
With a night-cap on her head;  
Her skin is soft, her face is fair,  
And she has very pretty hair;

She and I in bed lies nice,  
And undisturbed by rats or mice ;  
She is disgusted with Mr. Worgan,  
Though he plays upon the organ.  
Her nails are neat, her teeth are white,  
Her eyes are very, very bright ;  
In a conspicuous town she lives,  
And to the poor her money gives :  
Here ends sweet Isabella's story,  
And may it be much to her glory."

Here are some bits at random :—

"Of summer I am very fond,  
And love to bathe into a pond ;  
The look of sunshine dies away,  
And will not let me out to play ;  
I love the morning's sun to spy  
Glittering through the casement's eye,  
The rays of light are very sweet,  
And puts away the taste of meat ;  
The balmy breeze comes down from heaven,  
And makes us like for to be living."

"The casawary is an curious bird, and so  
is the gigantic crane, and the pelican of the  
wilderness, whose mouth holds a bucket of  
fish and water. Fighting is what ladies is  
not qualified for, they would not make a good  
figure in a battle or in a duel. Alas! we fe-  
males are of little use to our country. The  
history of all the malcontents as ever was  
hanged is amusing." Still harping on the  
Newgate Calendar!

"Braehead is extremely pleasant to me by  
the companie of swine, geese, cocks, etc., and  
they are the delight of my soul."

"I am going to tell you of a melancholy  
story. A young turkie of 2 or 3 months old,  
would you believe it, the father broke its leg,  
and he killed another! I think he ought to  
be transported or hanged."

"Queen Street is a very gay one, and so is  
Princes Street, for all the lads and lasses, be-  
sides bucks and beggars, parade there."

"I should like to see a play very much,  
for I never saw one in all my life, and don't  
believe I ever shall; but I hope I can be con-  
tent without going to one. I can be quite  
happy without my desire being granted."

"Some days ago Isabella had a terrible fit  
of the toothake, and she walked with a long  
night-shift at dead of night like a ghost, and  
I thought she was one. She prayed for na-  
ture's sweet restorer—balmy sleep—but did  
not get it—a ghostly figure indeed she was,  
enough to make a saint tremble. It made me  
quiver and shake from top to toe. Super-  
stition is a very mean thing, and should be  
despised and shunned."

Here is her weakness and her strength  
again: "In the love-novels all the heroines  
are very desperate. Isabella will not allow  
me to speak about lovers and heroins, and  
'tis too refined for my taste." "Miss Eg-  
ward's (Edgeworth's) tails are very good,  
particularly some that are very much adapted  
for youth (!) as Laz Laurance and Tarelton,  
False Keys, etc. etc."

"Tom Jones and Grey's Elegey in a coun-  
try churchyard are both excellent, and much  
spoke of by both sex, particularly by the  
men." Are our Marjories now-a-days better  
or worse because they cannot read Tom Jones  
unharmd? More better than worse; but  
who among them can repeat Gray's Lines on  
a distant prospect of Eton College as could  
our Maidie

Here is some more of her prattle: "I went  
into Isabella's bed to make her smile like the  
Genius Demedicus" (the Venus de Medicis)  
"or the statute in an ancient Greece, but she  
fell asleep in my very face, at which my anger  
broke forth, so that I awoke her from a com-  
fortable nap. All was now hushed up again,  
but again my anger burst forth at her biding  
me get up."

She begins thus loftily:—

"Death the righteous love to see,  
But from it doth the wicked flee."

Then suddenly breaks off (as with laugh-  
ter)—

"I am sure they fly as fast as their legs can  
carry them."

"There is a thing I love to see,  
That is our monkey catch a flea."

"I love in Isa's bed to lie,  
Oh, such a joy and luxury!  
The bottom of the bed I sleep,  
And with great care within I creep;  
Oft I embrace her feet of lillys,  
But she has goton all the pillys.  
Her neck I never can embrace,  
But I do hug her feet in place."

How childish and yet how strong and free  
is her use of words! "I lay at the foot of  
the bed because Isabella said I disturbed her  
by continial fighting and kicking, but I was  
very dull, and continially at work reading  
the Arabian Nights, which I could not have  
done if I had slept at the top. I am reading  
the Mysteries of Udolpho. I am much in-  
terested in the fate of poor, poor Emily."

Here is one of her swains:—



"Very soft and white his cheeks,  
His hair is red, and gray his breeks;  
His tooth is like the daisy fair,  
His only fault is in his hair."

This is a higher flight:—

"DEDICATED TO MRS. H. CRAWFORD BY THE AUTHOR, M. F.

"Three turkeys fair their last have breathed,  
And now this world for ever leaved;  
Their father, and their mother too,  
They sigh and weep as well as you;  
Indeed, the rats their bones have crunched,  
Into eternity there launched.  
A direful death indeed they had,  
As wad put any parent mad;  
But she was more than usual calm,  
She did not give a single dam."

This last word is saved from all sin by its tender age, not to speak of the want of the *n.* We fear "she" is the abandoned mother, in spite of her previous sighs and tears.

"Isabella says when we pray we should pray fervently, and not rattel over a prayer—for that we are kneeling at the footstool of our Lord and Creator, who saves us from eternal damnation, and from unquestionable fire and brimston."

She has a long poem on Mary Queen of Scots:—

"Queen Mary was much loved by all,  
Both by the great and by the small,  
But hark! her soul to heaven doth rise!  
And I suppose she has gained a prize—  
For I do think she would not go  
Into the awful place below;  
There is a thing that I must tell,  
Elizabeth went to fire and hell;  
He who would teach her to be civil,  
It must be her great friend the devil!"

She hits off Darnley well:—

"A noble's son, a handsome lad,  
By some queer way or other, had  
Got quite the better of her heart,  
With him she always talked apart;  
Silly he was, but very fair,  
A greater buck was not found there."

"By some queer way or other;" is not this the general case and the mystery, young ladies and gentlemen? Goethe's doctrine of "elective affinities" discovered by our Pet Maidie.

"SONNET TO A MONKEY.

"O lively, O most charming pug  
Thy graceful air, and heavenly mug;  
The beauties of his mind do shine,  
And every bit is shaped and fine.

Your teeth are whiter than the snow,  
You are a great buck, you are a great beau;  
Your eyes are of so nice a shape,  
More like a Christian's than an ape;  
Your cheek is like the rose's blume,  
Your hair is like the raven's plume;  
His nose's cast is of the Roman,  
He is a very pretty woman.  
I could not get a rhyme for Roman,  
So was obliged to call him woman."

This last joke is good. She repeats it when writing of James the Second being killed at Roxburgh:—

"He was killed by a cannon splinter,  
Quite in the middle of the winter;  
Perhaps it was not at that time,  
But I can get no other rhyme!"

Here is one of her last letters, dated Kirkcaldy, 12th October, 1811. You can see how her nature is deepening and enriching:—

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—You will think that I entirely forget you but I assure you that you are greatly mistaken. I think of you always and often sigh to think of the distance between us two loving creatures of nature. We have regular hours for all our occupations first at 7 o'clock we go the dancing and come home at 8 we then read our Bible and get our repeating and then play till ten then we get our music till 11 when we get our writing and accounts we sew from 12 to 1 after which I get my gramer and then work till five. At 7 we come and knit till 8 when we dont go to the dancing. This is an exact description. I must take a hasty farewell to her whom I love, reverence and doat on and who I hope thinks the same of

"MARJORY FLEMING.

"P.S.—An old pack of cards (!) would be very expeble."

This other is a month earlier;—

"MY DEAR LITTLE MAMA,—I was truly happy to hear that you were all well. We are surrounded with measles at present on every side, for the Herons got it and Isabella Heron was near Death's Door, and one night her father lifted her out of bed, and she fell down as they thought lifeless. Mr. Heron said, 'That lassie's deed noo'—I'm no deed yet.' She then threw up a big worm nine inches and a half long. I have begun dancing, but am not very fond of it, for the boys strikes and mocks me.—I have been another night at the dancing; I like it better. I will write to you as often as I can; but I am afraid not every week. I long for you with the longings of a child to embrace you—to fold you in my arms. I respect you with all the respect due to a mother. You dont know how I love you. So I remain, your loving child—M. FLEMING."

What rich involution of love in the words marked! Here are some lines to her beloved Isabella, in July, 1811:—

"There is a thing that I do want,  
With you these beauteous walks to haunt,  
We would be happy if you would  
Try to come over if you could.  
Then I would all quite happy be  
*Now and for all eternity.*  
My mother is so very sweet,  
*And checks my appetite to eat;*  
My father shows us what to do;  
But O I'm sure that I want you.  
I have no more of poetry;  
O Isa do remember me,  
And try to love your Marjory."

In a letter from "Isa" to

"Miss Muff Maidie Marjory Fleming,  
favored by Rare Rear-Admiral Fleming,"

she says: "I long much to see you, and talk over all our old stories together, and to hear you read and repeat. I am pining for my old friend Cesario, and poor Lear, and wicked Richard. How is the dear Multiplication table going on? are you still as much attached to 9 times 9 as you used to be?"

But this dainty, bright thing is about to flee—to come "quick to confusion." The measles she writes of seized her, and she died on the 19th of December, 1811. The day before her death, Sunday, she sat up in bed, worn and thin, her eye gleaming as with the light of a coming world, and with a tremulous, old voice repeated the following lines by Burns—heavy with the shadow of death, and lit with the fantasy of the judgment-seat—the publican's prayer in paraphrase:

"Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?  
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?  
Some drops of joy, with draughts of ill be-  
tween,  
Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing  
storms.  
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?  
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?  
For guilt, for GUILT my terrors are in arms;  
I tremble to approach an angry God,  
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

"Fain would I say, forgive my foul offence,  
Fain promise never more to disobey;  
But should my Author health again dispense,  
Again I might forsake fair virtue's way,  
Again in folly's path might go astray,  
Again exalt the brute and sink the man.  
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,  
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan,  
Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptation  
ran?

"O thou great Governor of all below,  
If I might dare a lifted eye to thee,  
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,  
And still the tumult of the raging sea;  
With that controlling power assist even me  
Those headstrong furious passions to confine,  
For all unfit I feel my powers to be  
To rule their torrent in the allowed line;  
O aid me with thy help, OMNIPOTENCE DIVINE."

It is more affecting than we care to say to read her mother's and Isabella Keith's letters written immediately after her death. Old and withered, tattered and pale they are now; but when you read them, how quick, how throbbing with life and love! how rich in that language of affection which only women and Shakspeare and Luther can use—that power of detaining the soul over the beloved object and its loss.

"K. Philip to Constance—

You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const.—Grief fills the room up of my absent  
child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down  
with me;  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his  
words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his  
form.  
Then I have reason to be fond of grief"

What variations cannot love play on this one string!

In her first letter to Miss Keith, Mrs. Fleming says of her dead Maidie:—

"Never did I behold so beautiful an object. It resembled the finest wax-work. There was in the countenance an expression of sweetness and serenity which seemed to indicate that the pure spirit had anticipated the joys of heaven ere it quitted the mortal frame. To tell you what your Maidie said of you would fill volumes; for you was the constant theme of her discourse, the subject of her thoughts, and ruler of her actions. The last time she mentioned you was a few hours before all sense save that of suffering was suspended, when she said to Dr. Johnstone, 'If you will let me out at the New Year, I will be quite contented.' I asked what made her so anxious to get out then? 'I want to purchase a New Year's gift for Isa Keith with the sixpence you gave me for being patient in the measles; and I would like to choose it myself.' I do not remember her speaking afterwards, except to complain of her head, till just before she expired, when she articulated, 'O mother! mother!'"

Do we make too much of this little child,

who has been in her grave in Abbotshall Kirkyard these fifty and more years? We may of her cleverness—not of her affectionateness, her nature. What a picture the *animosa infans* gives us of herself, her vivacity, her passionateness, her precocious love-making, her passion for nature, for swine, for all living things, her reading, her turn for expression, her satire, her frankness, her little sins and rages, her great repentances! We don't wonder Walter Scott carried her off in the neck of his plaid, and played himself with her for hours.

The year before she died, when in Edinburgh, she was at a Twelfth Night supper at Scott's, in Castle Street. The company had all come—all but Marjorie. Scott's familiars, whom we all know, were there—all were come but Marjorie; and all were dull because Scott was dull. "Where's that bairn? what can have come over her? I'll go myself and see." And he was getting up, and would have gone; when the bell rang, and in came Duncan Roy and his henchman Tougald, with the sedan-chair, which was brought right into the lobby, and its top raised. And there, in its darkness and dingy old cloth sat Maidie in white, her eyes gleaming, and Scott bending over her in ecstacy—"hung over her enamored." "Sit ye there, my dautie, till they all see you;" and forthwith he brought them all. You can fancy the scene. And he lifted her up, and marched to his seat with her on his stout shoulder, and set her down beside him; and then began the night, and such a night! Those who knew Scott best said, that night was never equalled; Maidie and he were the stars: and she gave them *Constance's* speeches and *Helvellyn's* the ballad then much in vogue—and all her *répertoire*—Scott showing her off, and being oftentimes rebuked by her for his intentional blunders.

We are indebted for the following—and our readers will be not unwilling to share our obligations—to her sister:—

"Her birth was 15th January, 1803; her death 19th December, 1811. I take this from her Bibles.\* I believe she was a child of robust health, of much vigor of body, and beautifully-formed arms, and, until her last illness, never was an hour in bed. She was

\* "Her Bible is before me; a pair, as then called; the faded marks are just as she placed them. There is one at David's lament over Jonathan."

niece to Mrs. Keith, residing in No 1 North Charlotte Street, who was *not* Mrs. Murray Keith, although very intimately acquainted with that old lady. My aunt was a daughter of Mr. James Rae, surgeon, and married the youngest son of old Keith of Ravelstone. Corstorphine Hill belonged to my aunt's husband; and his eldest son, Sir Alexander Keith, succeeded his uncle to both Ravelstone and Dunnottar. The Keiths were not connected by relationship with the Howisons of Braehead, but my grandfather and grandmother (who was), a daughter of Cant of Thurston and Giles-Grange, were on the most intimate footing with *our* Mrs. Keith's grandfather and grandmother; and so it has been for three generations, and the friendship consummated by my cousin, William Keith, marrying Isabella Craufurd.

"As to my aunt and Scott, they were on a very intimate footing. He asked my aunt to be godmother to his eldest daughter Sophia Charlotte. I had a copy of Miss Edgeworth's 'Rosamond, and Harry and Lucy' for long, which was 'a gift to Marjorie from Walter Scott,' probably the first edition of that attractive series, for it wanted 'Frank,' which is always now published as part of the series, under the title of 'Early Lessons.' I regret to say these little volumes have disappeared.

"Sir Walter was no relation of Marjorie's, but of the Keiths, through the Swintons; and, like Marjorie, he stayed much at Ravelstone in his early days, with his grandaunt Mrs. Keith; and it was while seeing him there as a boy, that another aunt of mine composed, when he was about fourteen, the lines prognosticating his future fame that Lockhart ascribes in his Life to Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of 'The Flowers of the Forest':—

"Go on, dear youth, the glorious path pursue  
Which bounteous Nature kindly smooths for you;  
Go bid the seeds her hands have sown arise,  
By timely culture, to their native skies;  
Go, and employ the poet's heavenly art,  
Not merely to delight, but mend the heart."

Mrs. Keir was my aunt's name, another of Dr. Rae's daughters." We cannot better end than in words from this same pen: "I have to ask you to forgive my anxiety in gathering up the fragments of Marjorie's last days, but I have an almost sacred feeling to all that pertains to her. You are quite correct in stating that measles were the cause

of her death. My mother was struck by the patient quietness manifested by Marjorie during this illness, unlike her ardent, impulsive nature; but love and poetic feeling were unquenched. When Dr. Johnstone rewarded her submissiveness with a sixpence, the request speedily followed that she might get out ere New Year's day came. When asked why she was so desirous of getting out, she immediately rejoined, 'Oh, I am so anxious to buy something with my sixpence for my dear Isa Keith.' Again, when lying very still, her mother asked her if there was anything she wished: 'Oh, yes! if you would just leave the room door open a wee bit, and play "The Land o' the Leal," and I will lie and think, and enjoy myself' (this is just as stated to me by her mother and mine). Well, the happy day came, alike to parents and child, when Marjorie was allowed to come forth from the nursery to the parlor. It was sabbath evening, and after tea. My father, who idolized this child, and never afterwards in my hearing mentioned her name, took her in his arms; and while walking her up and down the room, she said, 'Father, I will repeat something to you; what would you like?' He said, 'Just choose yourself, Maidie.' She hesitated for a moment between the paraphrase, 'Few are thy days, and full of woe,' and the lines of Burns already quoted, but decided on the latter, a remarkable choice for a child. The repeating these lines seemed to stir up the depths of feeling in her soul. She asked to be allowed to write a poem; there was a doubt whether it would be right to allow her, in case of hurting her eyes. She pleaded earnestly, 'Just this once;' the point was yielded, her slate was given her, and with great rapidity she wrote an address of fourteen lines, 'to her loved cousin on the author's recovery,' her last work on earth:—

"O Isa, pain did visit me,  
I was at the last extremity;  
How often did I think of you,  
I wished your graceful form to view,  
\*To clasp you in my weak embrace,  
Indeed I thought I'd run my race:  
Good care, I'm sure, was of me taken,  
But still indeed I was much shaken,  
At last I daily strength did gain,  
And oh! at last, away went pain;  
At length the doctor thought I might  
Stay in the parlor all the night;  
I now continue so to do,  
Farewell to Nancy and to you."

She went to bed apparently well, awoke in the middle of the night with the old cry of woe to a mother's heart, 'My head, my head!' Three days of the dire malady, 'water in the head,' followed, and the end came."

"Soft, silken primrose, fading timelessly."

It is needless, it is impossible, to add anything to this: the fervor, the sweetness, the flush of poetic ecstasy, the lovely and glowing eye, the perfect nature of that bright and warm intelligence, that darling child,—Lady Nairne's words, and the old tune, stealing up from the depths of the human heart, deep calling unto deep, gentle and strong like the waves of the great sea hushing themselves to sleep in the dark; the words of Burns, touching the kindred chord, her last numbers "wildly sweet" traced, with thin and eager fingers, already touched by the last enemy and friend,—*moriens canit*,—and that love which is so soon to be her everlasting light, is her song's burden to the end,—

"She set as sets the morning star, which goes  
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides  
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,  
But melts away into the light of heaven."

COLONEL FREEMANTLE's articles on the Southern States, which appear from time to time in *Blackwood's Magazine*, have made the public somewhat eager for "Three Months in the Southern States, from April to July, 1863, by Lieutenant-Colonel Freemantle," which Messrs. Blackwood and Sons have on the eve of publication.

"QUELQUES Mots sur la Philosophie de la Re-

ligion, par le Vic. de Sarcus;" "Des Idées morales dans la Tragédie," by Paul Stupfer; "Typographes et Gens de Lettres," by Décembre Allonier; "Cours oral de Franc-Maçonnerie symbolique en douze séances," par H. Cauchois; "Voie Romaine en Limousin: Fixation de la Station de Prætorium," par E. Buisson de Ma-vergnier,—are among the recent miscellaneous French publications.

From The Spectator, 7 Nov.

# THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

THE hush of strained expectation with which Europe listens for the annual speech of the Emperor of the French has this year been amply rewarded. There is no living sovereign, there is perhaps but one in history, who may compete as an orator with Napoleon III., and he has delivered no speech to be compared with this. Couched in that tone of apparent frankness which is the specialty of Bonaparte oratory, which was as marked on the 18th Brumaire as in the apology for Villafranca, or Prince Jerome's plea for evacuating Rome, almost colloquial in its references to the living facts of the hour, and studded with the epigrammatic sentences which royalty always avoids, it is full to repletion of the imperial force which belongs only to great ideas uttered from a throne. Acknowledging with the faintest suspicion of a mental shrug the result of the elections, sketching slightly, but ably, the pleasanter features of his own *régime* for the year,—the budget which provides for conquest without a deficit, the immense additions to trade, the five millions of children present in the primary schools, the expansion of French influence on the American and Asiatic continents,—the emperor proceeds to develop his plan for the re-organization of Europe. And what a plan! Affairs like the insurrection in Poland, which may replace an old nationality, questions like that of Schleswig Holstein, which may cover Central Europe with blood, even difficulties like the occupation of Rome, the settlement of which may evolve a new era of religious organization, shrink for the moment into insignificance before this imperial dream. It is difficult, as we read, not to forget that the speaker directs the most warlike nation in Europe, not to imagine that we are listening to some politician of the study instead of the master of fifty legions. It is all real, however, and it is an emperor of the French, whose words are themselves events, who declares that Europe is "everywhere agitated by the elements of dissolution," that "the jealousies of the great powers hinder the march of civilization," and that the "day has arrived to reconstruct on a new basis the edifice ruined by time and destroyed piece by piece by revolutions;" who asks whether "we shall eternally maintain a state which is neither peace with its security, nor war with

its happy chances," and who, then speaking "in the name of France," that is, of almost irresistible military power, summons all Europe to Congress to furnish the solution which "at the North as well as at the South"—in Scandinavia as in Rome and Turkey—"powerful interests" demand. It is not the *status* of Poland, or Italy, or Servia, or Schleswig, or even of Germany, but of Europe, which a new Congress of Vienna is summoned to Paris to decide. One immense but peaceable re-arrangement, to be based on the wishes of the nations, and to disarm the "subversive parties" by surrendering "narrow calculations," to be enforced by irresistible power and therefore without the sabre, and followed by a general disarmament,—this is the splendid dream with which the Emperor the French summons the world to council. It is a dream, too, deep in his heart, for until his counsel may be heard an undertone of menace. "Those who refuse he will suspect of secret projects which shun the light of day." There "are but two paths open; one conducts to progress by civilization and peace, the other, sooner or later, leads fast to war by the obstinate maintenance of a *status quo* which is crumbling away."

There is something so striking in such a proposal coming from such a sovereign,—something so utterly unlike anything which ordinary diplomatists, or emperors, or premiers say, or even think, that the mind, bewildered by its magnitude, refuses at first to arrive at any defined conclusion. The facts, too, are, at first sight, in favor of the imperial plan. Every man who knows Europe knows also that Napoleon speaks the truth when he says that the questions afoot must be solved, and solved finally, or Europe will, sooner or later,—and sooner rather than later,—be involved in a general war. All diplomatists know that he is stating the simplest fact in the tersest language, when he says "the treaties of 1815 have ceased to exist. Germany agitates to change them, England has generously modified them by the cession of the Ionian Islands, Russia tramples them under foot at Warsaw," and France, we may add, in Prince Jerome's words, "tore them up at the point of the sword" at Magenta and Solferino. They have ceased to exist. Europe *does* want a new "fundamental pact." There is the gravest reason to fear that we shall establish one only after a war to which



all modern wars will be trifles, which will change from a war of boundaries into one of principles, and be, therefore, without end save exhaustion, and it is a noble effort to make one last appeal to the reason of mankind, and strive to arrange in what would really be "a Parliament of Man," if not "the federation of the world," at least that of Europe. Since the days of Alberoni, no dream more brilliant has been put forward by a statesman of the first class; but amidst all our admiration we cannot conceal from ourselves that it is but a dream, a last effort honest or unreal to stay the European world on a course along which the new aspirations of nations and the old foolishness of kings, the uprising of new ideas like those of nationality, and the crumbling of dominions like that of the Turks in Europe, the want of statesmen in England, and the existence of a Napoleon in France, alike combine to urge it.

Let us examine the project shorn of the emperor's words as a practical diplomatic scheme. His majesty proposes a new Congress of Vienna, to be attended by representatives of all the powers, and to possess the right of "solving" every question a solution of which "is demanded by mighty interests." Foremost among those questions—questions "of the South as well as the North"—stand those of Schleswig, the Rhine, Rome, Venetia, Poland, and European Turkey, which latter would be made justly enough to include the whole shore of the Mediterranean. Let us imagine that Europe, half awed and half ashamed of preferring war to negotiation, really obeys the summons. Such an occurrence is far from probable; but Russia, the emperor says, in a passage to which we shall have to revert, has *consented* to such a Congress, provided only all questions are open; the British Government, it seems clear, has agreed to waive the treaties of 1815, and might possibly be induced to take part; and the German powers may, not to mince words, be coerced into accepting their seats. Let us assume the Congress assembled and ready, the first diplomatists of Europe collected under the presidency of its ablest sovereign, and what chance is there of their agreeing on those wide and permanent changes which can alone supply the basis of a new "fundamental pact," or allow Europe to abandon its condition of expensive but sterile prep-

aration? Many of the questions, doubtless, and among them some of those which appear least soluble, *might* receive their solution. Rome can be evacuated whenever the emperor wills, and Austria might take compensation for Venetia. Russia might, though we doubt it, on certain conditions, resign enough of Poland to make reconstruction feasible; and the cession of Gibraltar to Spain is no more impossible with Moorish help than that of the Ionian Islands. Europe combined could, without bloodshed, mediatize all the German states but two, Germany so strengthened might resign part of the Rhine, and Schleswig is just the question a Congress could finally settle. There can be no doubt that, with Poland and Italy revived and tranquil, Germany divided only into North and South, Scandinavia freed from apprehension, and the pride of France gratified to her heart's core, Europe might rest in peace for another thirty years. But no arrangement can be stable which does not revive Poland, and the revivification of Poland, with Russia as a consenting power, means the dismemberment of Turkey, for it is from Turkey alone she could obtain compensation.

Setting aside the moral question, which is not so powerful as it looks, for Mr. Gladstone, once aided by the consulates, could in three months produce among Englishmen as deep an abhorrence of Turkish rule as was ever felt for that of King Bomba, is it conceivable that the *interests* of the powers could on such a point be made to coalesce? Is it not absolutely certain that England, which on many questions could be sure of allies, would on this remain isolated, and as certain that the people of this country would not in this matter submit to be overruled? Either, therefore, England would be compelled to fight Congress, i.e., the Continent, or the proceedings of the solemn assembly would be neutralized, Turkey spared, and the compensation on which alone Russia would surrender Poland finally rendered impossible. This "Eastern question" again, is but one of a score on which the nations are divided, as much by feelings, hopes, antipathies—all that play of the imagination which really stirs nations—as by those material interests which only appear to stir them. France will not propose to lay aside her strength because a Congress has sat, and England is armed as much from jealousy of France as for any spe-

cific end. England will not give up her ascendancy at sea for any purpose whatsoever, and it is in fleets, not armies, that the burdensome race of Napoleon and Palmerston has been run. Above all, the greatest source of disturbance, the rising of new ideas within the nationalities themselves, cannot be checked by any Congress, and the first Red explosion in France, or religious movement in Germany, or peasant rising in Russia, might shake down in a week all that Congress had elaborated with such a waste of force and thought and care. Omitting all mention of outside complications, of the jarring among the powers who are settling down on the ancient monarchies of Asia, and the rotting Republics of Spanish America, or of the indefinite disturbing force the United States may exert, the Congress, even in Europe, could settle nothing but boundaries, and it is not for boundaries that modern nations have waged, or will wage, the fiercest wars.<sup>1</sup>

It is difficult not to believe that the emperor sees all, and much more than all this, that he is, as it were, offering to Europe one stately and pleasant alternative sure to be refused, before plunging once more into war. For that, he hints unmistakably, will be the consequence of a rejection of his offer. The speaker can realize prophecy, and it is well, therefore, to study carefully the few oracles he emits. A careful perusal of his whole speech, so far as it bears on Poland, will, we believe, leave this impression upon the mind. The emperor has determined, with that inflexibility which the public always attributes to him, but which he only manifests just be-

fore his blow, to set Poland free. So clear is this one decision, that he goes out of his way to afford to the insurrection a kind of official sanction, as one which "by its duration has become a national movement." If this freedom can be accomplished by Congress, well; if not, it must be by war; but by *what* war he has not quite decided. War with Russia would seem the more natural course, and Russia is, therefore, menaced in the rough allusion to her present conduct in Warsaw. But the emperor is quite as interested in the Eastern question as in Poland, and "hesitates, therefore, to compromise one of the first alliances of the Continent," an alliance with a power which, since "the peace, has been in agreement with France on the grand European questions," which did not object to the annexation of Nice and Savoy, and would not, the emperor thinks, object to that of the Rhine. It might be possible to revive Poland by finding for Russia compensation in Turkey, and the emperor, resolved on his end, hesitates as to his road. Is it to be war for Poland alone, or for Poland and the resettlement of the whole Eastern question? The English alliance will, in all probability, decide his course, and the net result of his speech is, we submit, sufficiently clear,—a Congress of Paris to erase the memory of that of Vienna and "reconstruct the edifice," or a general war in spring. The resolve has at last been taken, and with Italy a great state, and Poland recalled to life, even those who believe in Providence may acknowledge Napoleon's *raison d'être*.

THE first general meeting of the Society for Promoting the Amendment of the Law, now beginning its twenty-first session, will be held at 3 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, on Monday next, Nov. 9th, at eight o'clock, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Q.C., M.P., in the chair. The Secretary will move: "That a committee be appointed to consider what action should be taken with reference to the proposal of bringing together into one place or neighborhood all the superior courts of judicature, with the offices attached thereto, and to report on the same."

MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS commenced the season on Wednesday last by the sale of nicknacks and odds and ends forming the "Collection of Articles of Art and Virtù of the

late Mrs. Langdale, of Gower Street." Among the lots were a frame containing miniatures of Sully, Louis XIV., and the Dauphin, his grandson, by Petitot, which sold for £21; and miniatures of Henry VIII., Mary Queen of Scots, Sir Thomas Moore, and Inigo Jones, which sold for £17 15s. At the same time were sold some fine Morlands, painted expressly for the late Sir Marmaduke Trattle, which sold at very reasonable prices.

A NUMBER of the Welsh nobility and gentry propose to found a University for the Principality: and Mr. Williams, M.P., promises £1,000 towards that object. The *Guardian* suggests that the foundation of a Welsh college at Oxford or Cambridge would be better.

## THE "CUMBERLAND."

PROUDLY rode the "Cumberland" at anchor,  
 Into Hampton Roads where flows the James;  
 Proudly from the peak of the furled spanker,  
 Floating in the light, her ensign flames,  
 Not from trailing staff,—  
 At the lofty gaff,  
 Starry franchise of the sky it claims.

And her wooden walls were such as Nelson  
 Vanquished with at Nile and Trafalgar;  
 Strong her bulwarks, live-oak ribs and keelson,  
 Each top-gallant pine, each rope and spar;  
 Strong and beautiful  
 Her embattled hull,  
 Clothed in thunder, terrible in war.

Seamen swore by her—herself a glory,  
 Their devotion glorified her more.  
 Like the great roc of Arabian story  
 Wont, on overshadowing wings, to soar;  
 When the breeze was brave,  
 Steam, the galley slave,  
 Lagged behind her, tugging at his oar.

Quiet on the shore and stream: sedately  
 Watched the sentinel at Newport News  
 Forts and tented fields, the frigates stately,  
 Silent with their armaments and crews,  
 Norfolk's harbor mouth  
 Hazy to the south,  
 Slumberous distances and shimmering views

Wake, O camps and ships! What ship encroaches  
 On yon river reach, a shadow black?  
 Grows the slime new Saurians? It approaches—  
 Ho! she comes! the mailed "Merrimac";  
 Bold, with batteries manned,  
 Waits the "Cumberland"!—  
 Speeds the Invulnerable to the attack!

Waits a gallant crew the word to fire,  
 In that feverish pause their souls aflame.  
 Undegenerate—from a hero-sire  
 And the saint of chivalry his name—  
 Doth their young chief quail?  
 Shall the Dragon's scale  
 Scare the good knight, consecrate to Fame?

Steadily came the foe; from forts and vessels  
 Spurt the red fire and the spectral wreath;  
 Steadily on—for in that storm of missiles  
 Hurtful only was the monster's breath—  
 Till, with a great shock,  
 Deep through sides of oak  
 Drove her iron beak, in the clench of death!

As from ringing roofs the hailstones rounded,  
 As from fabulous seals the lightnings hot,  
 So the "Cumberland's" broadsides rebounded  
 From the adamant foe she fought;  
 Idly, on that roof.  
 As an anvil proof,  
 Beat the thunder-hammers of the shot.

Was it idly? No! though, quickly sinking,  
 Boomed your last gun level with the tide:  
 No! though to the last with hearts unshrinking  
 Ye by hundreds perished in your pride;  
 With your flag unlowered,  
 Conquering while o'erpowered,  
 Not in vain ye fought, nor vainly died!

"Thou who passeth, tell to Lacedæmon,  
 We obeyed her laws, and here are we:"  
 Yours as proud an epitaph, O Seamen,  
 As those martyrs of Thermopylæ;  
 Written, all in light,  
 On that banner bright,  
 Which illumines your Altar-tomb, the Sea!

And, O grateful land! in measure ample  
 Thank the living, give the lost your tears;  
 Thou, invincible in their example:—  
 Laughing death in the face with merry cheers;  
 Dauntless in despair;  
 And their flag left there  
 Beacons valor to victorious years. W. G.

## THE COLLEGE GATE.

[Foley's fine statue of Goldsmith stands now in front of Trinity College, in this city, where it commands the admiration of everybody. It is only placed there in a temporary way, but when the pedestal is completed the statue will be erected upon it and inaugurated with due ceremony.]

"He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts on the 27th of February, 1749. He was lowest in the list."—*Forster's Life of Oliver Goldsmith.*

A LAD slunk out of the college gate,  
 With a parchment grasped in his fist;  
 He tried to dodge past the sniggering boys  
 That snubbed him with "Last on the list!"

He stole to a lodging, up three pair of stairs,  
 In a wretched old tumble-down lane,  
 And took up his flute to get rid of the thoughts  
 That were racking about in his brain.

"Just passed through!—and so many a lad  
 Honored and medalled and praised!  
 Oh, what a crazy foundation whereon  
 My fortunes will have to be raised!

An awkward, ungainly, diminutive dolt,  
 With nothing on earth to attract;  
 Alike for the desk and the drawing-room unfit—  
 Devoid both of talent and tact!"

He whispered some melodies into his flute,  
 As a tear gathered up in his eye:  
 "What—what shall I turn to?—Physic? or Law?  
 Or Divinity?—folly to try!

"The coif, or the mitre—it is not for me:  
 I shall ne'er be addressed as 'my lord';  
 And, as for the baton, or flag—bless my heart!  
 Only fancy poor Noll with a sword!

" Well ! jests at least, at the gate again  
None shall fling at ' the Graduate's ' head :  
Since fellowships—scholarships, are not for me,  
I'll take to my flute for bread ! "

Now, as you enter that college gate,  
Lift up your eyes and you'll see,  
Towering over your heads, a bronze,  
In its proud serenity.

Yes ! the strains from that wretched flute  
To the ends of the earth have sped :  
Though " Noll " was a drudge so long as he lived,  
He's defied, now that he's dead.

And what is this world ?—the college gate,  
Through which genius may sink with shame :  
The list is the ledger of life's success,  
And the statue is posthumous fame.

ADVENA.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

## AURORA.

I HEAR the Morn,  
With her silver horn,  
Arousing the valleys fair ;  
I see the light  
On her forehead white,  
The dew on her gleaming hair ;

Her rosy hand  
On the mountains grand,  
Her feet on the sleeping seas ;  
The islands wake  
On the misty lake  
From their deep and dreamful ease.

The darkness dies  
When her shining eyes  
Glance over river and bay ;  
She lingers there,  
On the glacier bare,  
And the snow-peaks glimmering gray.

So high ! so cold !  
Yet she cannot hold  
Her calm even there unshaken,  
For many a sound,  
Above and around,  
The bold, bright Day will awaken.

He follows after  
With shouts of laughter ;  
From his fiery pursuit she flies  
O'er valley and hill ;  
But she heareth still  
The swift footsteps, and joyous cries.

Her faint heart fails,  
And her spirit quails

' Neath the burning glances of Day ;  
Her fair face fades  
In the sunny glades,  
Like a dream she dissolves away !  
Z. D. C.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

## DYING WORDS OF JOHN FOSTER.

THE dying Christian peaceful lay,  
No more his hands could do ;  
No more his feet the earthly paths  
Of duty could pursue.

No more the gospel's joyful sound  
Could he to men proclaim,  
To warn them of the strength of sin,—  
Make known a Saviour's name.

His earnest mind, so strong and clear  
The realms of thought to scan,  
No more, with steadfast will, could toil  
To serve his fellow-man.

Where once was strength, was weakness now,—  
Weakness unknown before ;  
Yet with a spirit calm, resigned,  
The change he meekly bore.

For in that Master's steps he trod,  
Whom he so long had loved ;  
And faith in him sustained his soul,  
And all-sufficient proved.

" Still I can pray," he smiling said,  
" And that's a glorious thing,"  
" O grave, where is thy victory ?  
O death, where is thy sting ? "

—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

## SEWARD.

WELL, be it so ! The not uncommon fate  
Of greatness overtakes thee in thy prime :  
He who is mighty will have foes who hate ;  
Thou hast false friends, who only consummate  
Their own destruction in attempting thine.  
O peerless Champion of the Cause so Just,  
When some, o'er zealous now, were cold or  
mute,  
Thou with sublimest courage, took the Trust  
And priceless venture, conscious that thou must  
Bear scorn of those who would thy cause dis-  
pute.  
Keep heart ! the Great Hereafter will refute  
Each slander born of envy or of hate,  
And thus thy final labors will compute :  
" HE FREEDOM SAVED, BY SAVING FIRST THE  
STATE ! "

A. D. F. R.